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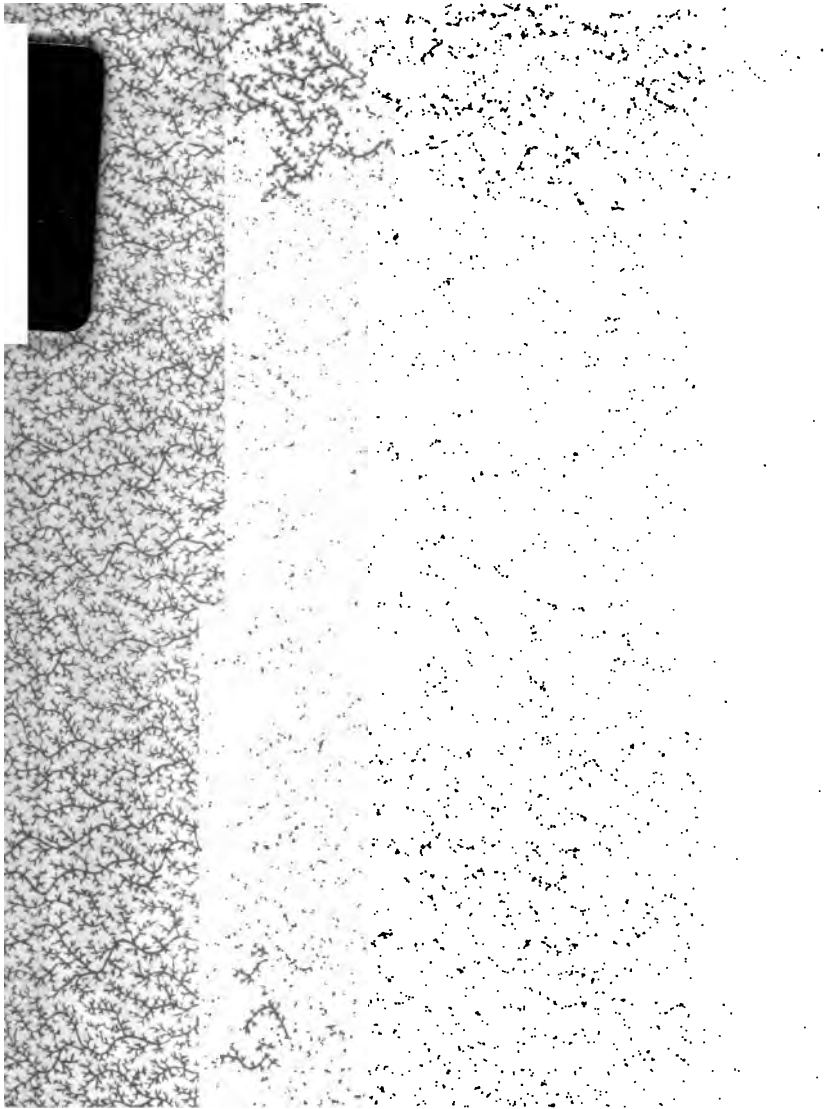
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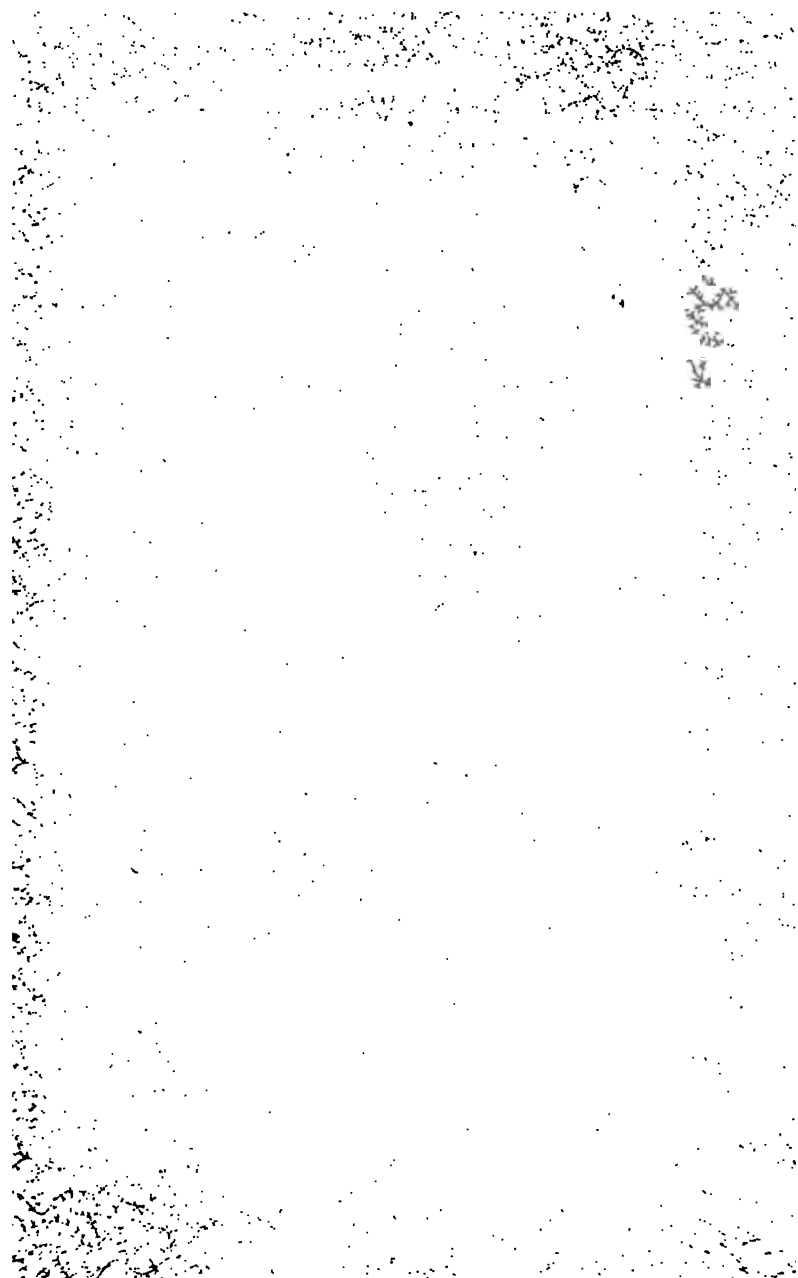
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THE
SCHOOL FOR POLITICS.

A Dramatic Novel.

BY

CHARLES GAYARRÉ.

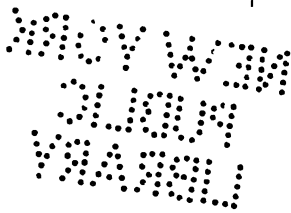


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P R E F A C E .

MY object in writing the work which I lay before the public under the title of "The School for Politics," was to attack evils which have become so serious as to be alarming, and not to strike at any party or individual. It is well known, however, that there is a natural disposition in the human mind to seek eagerly and ferret out personal allusions: in all works of this kind, and applications are made which are always painful to the author. It is against this probable perversion of my intentions that I intend to guard by stating that all the characters I have delineated are fictitious, although there is but too much reality in the scenes of political degradation I have described.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE.

HENRIETTA, *his Daughter.*

RANDOLPH, *a Senator.*

BECKENDORF, *a naturalized Citizen and Representative.*

GERTRUDE, *his Wife.*

MORTIMER, *his Son.*

JOE GAMMON, *an old Politician.*

TRIMSAIL,

TURNCOAT,

LOVEDALE,

WAGTAIL,

} *Representatives.*

JOHN TOBIAS NUTMEG, *one of Beckendorf's Clerks.*

GOVERNOR'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.



THE
SCHOOL FOR POLITICS.

Act First.

SCENE I.

A COMMITTEE-ROOM IN THE STATE HOUSE AT BATON ROUGE,
LOUISIANA.

TRIMSAIL.—*[Flinging down on a table a book into which he had been looking, and pulling out his watch.]*—Really—this is intolerable. Here have I been waiting more than a quarter of an hour for the other members of the committee of five that have been appointed by the House to examine whether the act 5000, of the Civil Code of Louisiana, requires amendments or not. We are instructed to report to-morrow at the opening of the session, and yet, although it is almost half-past seven, I am the only one attending the meeting of the committee, which was fixed for seven! The same industry I have displayed for the last ten years, during which I have been invariably returned to the House by my constituents! It is true that no one else is willing to be a candidate in my parish, which is altogether peopled with indolent planters of French extraction. But still, my services are not the

less notorious, and not the less deserving of reward for all that! I am tired of making vain sacrifices; for my time might have been more profitably, and—as matters stand, I may say—more honorably employed, than in being a legislator. I am a lawyer; and if I had devoted myself entirely to my profession, I might . . . but no—there are no lawsuits in the damned infernally quiet parish in which I have settled. Well, then—I might have become an honest mechanic, instead of starving as I am, and might have built myself up a fortune in a trice, as I have known many to do. It is true that I should have been obliged, in the beginning, to work with my own hands. Ha! there is the rub. This manual labor is decidedly vulgar—I hate the very thought of it! I am too much of a gentleman for that. Besides, the climate is too warm, and violent physical exertions disagree with my constitution. No—no—after all, the easiest thing I could do was to run for the Legislature, with the expectation of becoming a district judge. But who would have thought that I should have had to wait so long for such an office! Who is not a judge nowadays? It is no very great thing, certainly—but still it gives a character—a position in society. “*Judge . . . my respects to you. Judge . . . shall I have the honor of a glass of wine with you? Sir, allow me to introduce to your acquaintance Judge so-and-so.*” It sounds well. I am confident it would have enabled me, like that pudding-headed fellow, Tobias Snub, to marry a sugar plantation, with no other incumbrance than a fat widow of forty or so. To think that I have been a standing applicant for such an office for the last ten years, under every administration, and without success, begins to madden me into desperation. But, thanks to the gods, I can now take time by the forelock. Now, or never, a judge. There is such a combination of circumstances militating in my favor, that I cannot fail—unless Old Nick, himself, should be determined to thwart

me. Let me see Let me see In the first place, a vacancy has just occurred on the judicial bench of the 3d district. Next, a United States Senator is to be elected in a few days. The judgeship is in the hands of the Governor—and the dear creature has set his heart on going to Washington to settle the affairs of the nation. Luckily he has two formidable competitors. Well!—well!—and it so happens that it is generally believed that I can influence some votes in the house. Trimsail! Trimsail! look sharp. It is pretty clear that thou hast trumps in thy hands, and that the game is thine, unless thou blunderest like a raw school-boy. [*Striking his forehead.*] I have it!—I have it!—it is there!—No longer shall it be said that I have been a politician all my life, and could not be any thing else than a member of the Legislature—and a militia colonel! A colonel!—fie on it!—the very sound of the title predisposes me to a fit of hysterics—so long has it been dinning in my ears. Colonel!—out upon it!—I never knew a blackleg, or a grog-shop keeper, who was not called *colonel!*



SCENE II.

TURNCOAT.—[*Entering.*]—Hail to you, my worthy Colonel! still the very incarnation of punctuality!—hey!

TRIMSAIL.—[*Aside.*]—There it is again!—Colonel!—Damn it! [*Aloud.*] And you, lazy dog, will continue to be as careless as ever. Why, ain't you ashamed, good for nothing fellow! Here have I been left alone more than half an hour enjoying the bliss of pondering over this very interesting volume—the Civil Code—whilst you were, I am sure, indulging in the luxury of an iced cocktail. But where are Wagtail, Fawning, and Talebearer?

SCENE III.

[*Enter Wagtail.*]

WAGTAIL.—Where can I be but at my post, like a faithful representative of the people; and the first I should have been to attend this meeting, if I had not met that cunning old fox, Joe Gammon, who, for the last forty years, has never failed filling some office or other, which his friends, much to his annoyance, and with the most cruel pertinacity, have continued to force upon him, for the salvation of the country; and who now is desperately manœuvring not to be thrust into the United States Senate by his obstinate friends. I shook him off at last, but left in his clutches Fawning and Tale-bearer, whom he has invited to an oyster supper, and who, before he has done with them, will use violence to compel him to receive their support.

[*They all laugh: Ah! ah!*]

TRIMSAIL.—Still the same bitter tongue, Wagtail—sarcastic to the last—even on your friends.

WAGTAIL.—Tut! man—there is no sarcasm in a mere statement of facts. But let us proceed to business; for, a fast man and a business man I am. We form a quorum, and, from the information I have given, it is plain that we need not wait for our colleagues, who, with exquisite judgment I must confess, prefer discussing oysters and sauterne to the Civil Code.

TURNCOAT.—Well! Trimsail, you are the chairman of the committee. Take the head of the table, and state the object of the meeting.

TRIMSAIL. . . . [*Takes the chair, hems, coughs, blows his nose, puts on his spectacles, opens the volume of the Civil Code, and says, with peculiar emphasis:*]

Gentlemen, you are aware that we have met here to delib-

erate on the most important business—which is to determine whether the article 5000 of the Civil Code—involving the security, happiness, and indeed the whole destiny of the most interesting portion of our population—women and minors—requires amendment or not. My mind is appalled at the magnitude of the subject; the little learning I possess shrinks from the difficulties it will have to overcome in satisfactorily solving this question, and my heart— . . .

[*Whilst Trimsail is speaking, Turncoat throws up his two legs on the table, and leans on his chair with his head flung back and his eyes turned towards the ceiling, as if he was preparing to take a comfortable nap. In the mean time, Wagtail takes a sheet of blank paper, and makes a cock, which he places on Turncoat's nose, and, after having imitated the crowing of the bird, says :*]

WAGTAIL.—Wake up—day is breaking—and Trimsail breaking down. [*Turning to Trimsail.*] I wish that, instead of being instructed to report on the soundness of any one of the parts of our respectable friend, the Civil Code, [*tapping on it,*] we had been requested to devise some legislative means of putting a stop to that greediness for office which is corrupting the morals of the people and of their representatives, and converting so many of our fellow-citizens into hungry beggars, squatting at the door of Executive patronage.

TURNCOAT.—[*Mouthing it.*]—He who should destroy such an evil would have as great a claim to his country's gratitude as Washington himself.

TRIMSAIL.—There, indeed, I fully agree with you; but, alas! I am afraid that the infection has spread so widely, and has become so contagious, that we are perhaps the only members of the Legislature who scorn office, and who can boast of independence. What can we do against the host of cringing, sneaking, lying, and false-hearted demagogues who parade their disinterestedness when secretly . . .

[*Enter Governor's Private Secretary.*]

PRIVATE SECRETARY.—[*To Wagtail.*—] I am requested by the Governor to inform you, Mr. Wagtail, that he is now in his office, and desirous of conversing with you on the petition which you have presented on your behalf . . .

WAGTAIL.—[*Interrupting him with some confusion.*—] Oh! yes—yes—hem! [*To his two colleagues of the committee.*] It was done, gentlemen, as you must understand, at the Governor's own request. Otherwise he would have been compelled to give a certain office to a very objectionable candidate, who was so strongly supported that his Excellency could not refuse him without exposing himself to a great deal of—what shall I call it? . . . a great deal of that kind of thing . . . which, you know, public men don't like to expose themselves to—because he could not have rejected—I say—the application of the gentleman and his friends, unless he could have pleaded my superior claims as an excuse. He thought so at least, and therefore begged me, as a personal favor, to get up this petition on my own behalf, merely to save him from a very embarrassing position. It is a sacrifice of my own feelings, tastes, comforts, and sense of dignity, for which he assured me he would ever be grateful. What could I do? You know how intimate we are. I could not refuse; excuse me, gentlemen.

[*Whilst thus speaking he gets his hat, puts it on, collects some papers which he had spread on the table, and prepares to depart. In the mean time Trimsail and Turncoat have been exchanging significant glances. When Wagtail opens the door to go out, Trimsail cries out to him.*]

TRIMSAIL.—But there will be no quorum, Wagtail; how shall I report to-morrow?

WAGTAIL.—[*Hurriedly.*—] Go on with your deliberations as if I were present. I vote to maintain the article as it is.

[*Exit, with great precipitation.*]

TURNCOAT.—By the gods! Trimsail, did you ever see anything so shameful? [*Aside, with a good deal of agitation.*]

This confirms what I have been told. The scamp is in my way, and is an applicant for the same office for which my name is before the Governor. I must, without loss of time, be after him, or he will serve me some scurvy trick. [*Rises and hastens towards the door.*]

TRIMSAIL.—Hallo! what is the matter, Turncoat? Are you sick? You look unwell. Where are you going?

TURNCOAT.—I am so choked with indignation at that fellow's hypocrisy and servility, that I am unfit for business, and I must go out for some fresh air. I feel incapable of any other occupation than that of writing a satire on these degenerate times.

TRIMSAIL.—But our report, my friend—our report on the article.

TURNCOAT.—Damn the article! I vote with Wagtail to maintain it as it is. Draw the report in that sense.

[*Exit.*]

TRIMSAIL.—There goes another sycophantic hanger on; a beggar that will sell himself to Tom, Dick, or Harry, for a mere crumb to put in his bag! And what is worse, such fellows as Wagtail and Turncoat, not satisfied with being the very quintessence of baseness, have the presumptuous audacity to endeavor to pass themselves off for what they are not—for independent men! And yet such are the creatures who obtain all the offices, whilst men of my character are disregarded and put on the shelf by those who pretend to be leaders, and who are mere drones living on the honey manufactured in the political hive. Ay; men of my calibre have the barren honor of being legislators and militia colonels! Well, well, I'll be revenged one day or other, for every dog, it is said, has his day. I have sharper teeth and claws than people are aware of. But to my task. Let me see—let me see. How shall I draw the report? [*Writes.*]

To the Honorable the House of Representatives, &c. :—
We, the undersigned, in compliance with a resolution of your

honorable body, &c., having met in committee, have the honor to report that, after a thorough examination of the article of the Civil Code submitted to our consideration—after a long and protracted discussion on the subject, and after having studied the question in all its bearings, and with all the scrupulous attention to which it is entitled, have unanimously come to the conclusion that said article requires no amendments, and ought to be maintained as it is, for reasons—what reasons shall I give? [*Bites his pen and scratches his head.*] Let me see. Ah! I have it—for the reasons which are given by learned commentators for its original insertion into the Napoleon Code, from which it has been borrowed. There; let the inquisitive look for those reasons, and find them if they can. Now, all I have to do is to sign,

TRIMSAIL, *Chairman.*



SCENE IV. •

GAMMON.—[*Popping in his head and looking round uneasily.*]—Are you alone, Trimsail?

TRIMSAIL.—As you see. But how come you to be here? I thought you were engaged for the whole evening with Fawning and Talebearer.

GAMMON.—I left them both in my room, which, you know, is close to the State House. They have a plentiful supply of champagne. Having raised their steam to a sufficient degree, I begged leave of absence for a few minutes under some pretext, but in reality under the hope of finding you here, as I have done, and to tell you that they are mine. They are pledged in the most positive manner to support me in the caucus that will meet to-morrow at twelve o'clock, to choose the candidate for the United States Senate, and [*rubbing his hands in high glee*] every thing goes on swimmingly. He

who is chosen by the caucus is Senator, you know, our majority being so large on joint-ballot, and none being daring enough to disobey the ukase of King Caucus. Well, we have counted noses. The Governor has thirty-five votes, I have thirty-five, and Tagrag has fifteen. There is one blank vote, that of Randolph, whose leaning it is impossible to know.

TRIMSAIL.—Have you spoken to him, and tried all the arts you so eminently possess?

GAMMON.—Yes; we came up yesterday from New Orleans on board of the same boat, and circumstances served me admirably as to the privacy of the conversation which I wished to have with him. About one o'clock in the morning all the passengers had gone to bed, and Randolph, sitting by himself on the front part of the boat, had been, for a considerable time, apparently engaged in studying the topography of the moon, when I drew a chair by him softly, and thus began to open my mind: "Mr. Randolph," said I, "you and I seem to be the only tormented spirits on board of this boat, for sleep seems to fly from our lids. From mine—that may well be conceived. I am old, and have lived too long not to be kept awake by the painful recollections of the past, and the unpromising anticipations of the future. But your case is different. You are yet too young, being hardly above thirty years old, to have passed through that ordeal which so shakes the soul, that from its inmost recesses there arise feelings which drive men out of their beds. Far from it, you seem to be the favorite of heaven; you are immensely wealthy, women call you handsome, and we men have not forgotten the distinguished honors you obtained at the university. Ten years travelling all over Europe has completed your accomplishments; and since your return, your fellow-citizens, impressed with a proper sense of your merits, have, without being solicited by you, unanimously sent you to the Senate of the State. How do you like your position? Do you take much interest in the legislative proceedings, and

do you intend to distinguish yourself in debate? For the moment, the engrossing topic which absorbs all others, is the election of a United States Senator. May I be permitted to ask whether you have any predilection?

TRIMSAIL.—What did he say?

GAMMON.—“Mr. Gammon,” said he, “that I am wealthy, I admit; and thanks to the gods that I am, as it enables me to keep aloof from the active pursuits of life, for which I am utterly incapacitated by my temperament—which is that of an idler and dreamer. As to my being handsome, how can it be true, when I have already been jilted by the coquetry and reduced to despair by the cruelty of a dozen women? and you know that the daughters of Eve are only cruel to men of sense, whilst they reserve their favors for handsome men. As to my ten years’ travelling, it has taught me that one could employ one’s time more agreeably, more honorably, and more profitably than to be pandering to the tastes of the multitude in daily sacrifices of self-esteem and dignity, to obtain those fickle suffrages, which, one day, puff a man into office, and the next out of it. I told my constituents, when they spoke of electing me to the Legislature, that I worshipped indolence, that I never could read through the best political article in the best edited paper in the Union, and that a law book being more incomprehensible to me than the Hebrew, I was the most unfit of men to be a legislator. And yet they have elected me! I suppose, from that strange perversity of mind which frequently impels men to do the very reverse of what they ought. Well! Let them bear the consequences, if, instead of putting myself to any inconvenience by being active in discharging the duties which have been forced upon me, I choose to increase the number of logs which compose the Legislative raft. As to my predilection for any senatorial candidate, it would be painful for me to make a choice. I am intimate with the Governor; I am one of your truest admirers; and there is no man I am more

partial to than Tagrag. I think, when the time for voting comes, I shall draw lots—and now, let us, dear Mr. Gammon, go to bed; for I have become drowsy in listening to the speech into which you have drawn me. Good night.” So saying, he went away, leaving me no wiser than I was before. Cursed be those men who want nothing—they are impracticable.

TRIMSAIL.—I have a peculiar antipathy to that man. I hate one whom I can’t make out; and I confess that Randolph is a complete mystery to me. I will guage him though, before long, and know his precise breadth, depth, and length. But I see him walking in the rotunda—call him, and see again whether, as you say, he is really impracticable. In the mean time, I’ll to your room, and tell Fawning and Talebearer that you are coming. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

GAMMON.—[*Going to the door and calling.*]—Mr. Randolph! Mr. Randolph!

RANDOLPH.—[*Coming in.*]—What can you be doing all alone in this committee-room, Mr. Gammon? Are you meditating on your plan of operations to carry off the senatorial prize? Poor politicians, what a hard life is yours!—How I pity you! [*In a mock theatrical tone.*] I had rather be a dog and bay the moon than be a politician.

GAMMON.—I was with our friend, Trimsail, showing him how powerfully and perseveringly I am to be supported by those friends who have induced me to come out for the Senate, and who, therefore, mindful of the exigencies imposed upon them by their own act, will stick to me to the last.

RANDOLPH.—Trimsail is as keen-scented as the best hound I ever knew, and can always tell in what bush the majority conceals itself.

GAMMON.—It is true. But I want also to consult you, and have your opinion as to my chance of success.

RANDOLPH.—Consult me!

GAMMON.—Yes—yes. As you stand neutral between the candidates, you are the very man who is the most competent to express a sound opinion on the race, and bet on the nag that is to win.

RANDOLPH.—My dear sir, the gothic chair, in which sits the Speaker, might give you more correct information than I can.

GAMMON.—Pray, do not jest. Listen—here is how we stand: 35 for the Governor—35 for your humble servant—15 for Tagrag—and 1—your vote—which is uncertain.

RANDOLPH.—Indeed!

GAMMON.—[*Slyly.*]—Which of the nags, I say, do you think likely to be the winner?

RANDOLPH.—[*Nodding, and with an air of meditation.*]—That is the question.

GAMMON.—I have strong hopes to rally round me, after a ballot or two, Tagrag's friends, as some of them can be influenced by Trimsail, who is secretly devoted to me body and soul, although he ostensibly cajoles the Governor. But should I fail in that quarter, as you hold the casting vote, may I hope that it will in the end be thrown into my scale and secure my election.

RANDOLPH.—Things more improbable have happened.

GAMMON.—Besides, the Governor is not so sure of his supporters but what some of them might leave his camp and come into mine.

RANDOLPH.—It does not seem to be impossible.

GAMMON.—Now that all the evidence and circumstances of the case are before you, pray favor me with your conclusions.

RANDOLPH.—[*Smiling.*]—My impression is, since you wish to have it, that your adversaries make on their side the same calculations on which you rest your hopes.

GAMMON.—Indeed!—But, on what grounds?

RANDOLPH.—On as good grounds as you have! They employ the same means that you resort to.

GAMMON.—[*In a fright.*]—The devil they do!

RANDOLPH.—To be sure. They think they have seduced some of your friends, as you think you have theirs.

GAMMON.—It is not possible!

RANDOLPH.—Why not?—Who is right in his calculations? Who is deceived or betrayed? Why should I put myself to the trouble of discovering the subterranean manœuvres of ambitious partisans? Why should I care a straw for your political struggles? And, paying no attention to your intrigues, how can I know which of you is likely to succeed? But I will tell *you* what I have told *your competitors*, and there needs no ghost from hell to unfold the tale. You all rely on men, most of whom are ready to run backward and forward from one flag to another according to what they may think their interest—political condottieri, who will secure the success of him that best knows how to use and control them for his own purposes.

GAMMON.—[*With a show of admiration.*]—With your cool sagacity and your knowledge of men, Mr. Randolph, what a valuable ally you would be! [*Coming close to Randolph, and speaking with great earnestness.*] It is impossible that a man of your parts should not desire that sweetest of all possessions—power!—which you might use, if not for selfish purposes of your own, if not to benefit your friends, at least to serve your country and acquire an immortal name. In your position, what cannot you aspire to! Can you be indifferent to the prospect that lies before you! Your uncle, one of Virginia's ablest sons, is in the cabinet of the President, under a change of administration, which leaves all offices to be disposed of. Avail yourself of that circumstance, help me to power,—and I share with you. Whatever influence I may acquire with the General Government will be at

your service. With an uncle in the Cabinet, and a devoted friend in the Senate, the best federal appointments will be at your disposal. Why should you not be our next governor—and afterwards, in your turn, a United States Senator? My friends are numerous—the possession of a seat in the Senate would double my strength, and it shall be exerted in your favor.

RANDOLPH.—[*With mock emphasis.*]—Avaunt, Satan! Back to the infernal regions with thy cloven foot! But, to be serious, you are really wasting time in offering me temptations—which are none for me. I have told you that I am destitute of all ambition; and, to be made President of the United States, I would not give up the luxurious independence I enjoy.

GAMMON.—By Heaven, Mr. Randolph, I cannot but say that so much indifference to greatness looks very much like affectation.

RANDOLPH.—[*Laughing.*]—Ah! ah! ah! I cannot but laugh heartily when put in mind that the Governor and Tagrag have been plying me with the same offers and in almost the same identical words! I declare—it is quite amusing to be so much courted. Well, then! I'll play the lady, and coquet with you all.

GAMMON.—You had better play the man, and come out openly for one of us.

RANDOLPH.—That would be playing the fool. How do you know but what I have made my choice? But why should I proclaim it? I declare, that should I be in your favor, I would still keep you in the dark about it.

GAMMON.—I cannot understand the reason why. . . .

RANDOLPH.—Because I am pretty sure that your gratitude, in case of success due to me, would not be equal to the enmity I should incur from your competitors, and my philosophy is to keep equally clear of the gratitude and the enmity of mankind. But . . . here is somebody coming to us.

SCENE VI.

GAMMON.—Ho! it is the son of Beckendorf, the editor and proprietor of the Baton Rouge Courier, the lord paramount of several of our most money-making grog-shops, the most celebrated beer manufacturer in the State, and, to cap the climax, one of the people's representatives in the lower House. No small-potato-man as you see, and one who is not to be slighted without danger. We must be courteous to his progeny. There is no getting along without popularity.

[Enter Mortimer.]

RANDOLPH.—Good evening, Mr. Mortimer. I am right glad to meet you, and, at the same time, allow me to say, that I am astonished to see you in a committee-room of the Capitol, instead of your being engaged in supervising the Governor's plantation, where your father had placed you, less as a paid overseer than a friend of the Governor's and an apprenticed student, if I may use the expression, in the noble art of planting. I understood it to be a preparatory step to his purchasing for you, his darling and only son, a superb sugar plantation.

MORTIMER.—I was seeking you both, gentlemen, thinking that, as you are supposed to possess a considerable degree of political and personal influence, you might serve me on a point which I have at heart.

GAMMON.—Serve you!—political influence!—what can it mean? What can you have to do with politics, my dear young friend?

MORTIMER.—I hardly dare mention what I wish . . . it is . . . it is . . . an office . . . a political situation. I blush to express such desires, for I must confess that I have no right, no claim to any thing of the kind.

RANDOLPH.—A miracle! a miracle! a candidate who confesses that he is without claims, and pleads his unworthiness!

Why, my young friend, have you been lately travelling in the moon! Don't use such language in public. You would be looked upon as a simpleton, and be ruined for ever.

MORTIMER.—I don't understand.

RANDOLPH.—To be sure you don't. Yet believe one who has more experience than you have. If you wish to succeed, be bold and unscrupulous, and let your effrontery be equal to your unfitness for the office you aim at. But, you are not satisfied with having a cultivated and good mind, and a pure heart, you must, forsooth, be modest! . . . And you are an aspirant to office, or political honors! Go back—go back to the Governor's plantation; drive away this wild fancy from your head, and learn to live contented in rural retirement, under the shade of some towering green oak, or perfumed magnolia tree. [*With a lurking sneer, to Gammon.*] What do you say to that, Gammon, eh? You are decidedly the man to give a good advice in this matter.

GAMMON.—Fie! Randolph. Don't be so misanthropic. You discourage the youth. [*To Mortimer.*] But how is it, my young friend, that you think of leaving the Governor's plantation? I have heard him speak highly of you, and you were treated by him rather as a friend than as one in his pay.

RANDOLPH.—I can also testify to it. The Governor is a severe judge; he is hard to please; and yet he has frequently, in my presence, eulogized your zeal, and has expressed the opinion that you would one day become one of the best planters in the State.

MORTIMER.—[*Bowing.*]—That was very kind—but—but—he has lately dismissed me.

GAMMON.—Indeed!—I am amazed! What can be the reason?

MORTIMER.—[*With an affectation of coldness and self-possession.*]—I don't know. He gave me no reasons. He needed me no more, I suppose. Why should he give me any reason? I do not complain; he had the right to act as he

pleased. Besides, he is the governor, the descendant of one of our most aristocratic families. I am the son of a tavern-keeper, of a beer-seller. But enough of this. I should like another situation ; that is all.

GAMMON.—You shall have it.

RANDOLPH.—[*Smiling.*]—Certainly. [*Tapping the young man on the shoulder with affectionate familiarity.*] And since my friend, the Governor, understands his interests so little, as to deprive himself of your valuable services, I am anxious to secure them on my own account, and to profit by his errors. I offer you at White Hall, which, you know, is one of the largest plantations in the State, the same situation you occupied at the Governor's. Take the supreme administration of it, on what terms you please. As a man of business, I beg you to be my agent ; as a man of the world, who knows something of human nature, I beg you to be my friend.

MORTIMER.—I am overwhelmed with

RANDOLPH.—Nay ; no thanks. I deserve none. It is not every man who is blessed with the good fortune of securing a highly educated man as an overseer. In your moments of leisure—and I shall contrive that you have some—we shall read Virgil and Homer together.

MORTIMER.—[*With much animation.*]—This indeed would be winning more than I have lost . . . but . . . unluckily, I cannot accept.

RANDOLPH.—[*Taking his hand and pressing it affectionately.*]—Is it also because you suspect me of being an aristocrat, and cannot forgive the historical name I bear ? Do you suppose me capable of entertaining any narrow-minded prejudices ?

MORTIMER.—[*Hurriedly.*]—O ! no, no ! Mr. Randolph. I discriminate between Nature's noblemen, such as you, and the petty aristocrat, who is the caprice of chance, the mere accident of birth or wealth, and the creature of the conventional rules of society. As to you, Mr. Randolph, the humblest of your fellow citizens knows, when he looks at the manly and

open expression of your face and at the bright light which, beaming from your eyes, reveals the inward man, that, if he has any merit, any moral worth, he can proffer his hand to you and be your friend. But, excuse me—I . . . I . . . it is, no doubt, very foolish on my part—but . . . I have at heart to become a politician.

GAMMON.—[*Apart.*—The infection spreads. [*To Mortimer.*] Good God! Young man—what a whim! What a sudden change in your views! What can be the cause of it?

MORTIMER.—I have a powerful reason for the step I take, although I am not at liberty to mention it. But to the point. I desire to be appointed assistant engineer, which office is now vacant. It would afford me the opportunity of making myself known throughout the State and of securing many friends. It might thus, in the end, lead to the consummation of my secret wishes.

GAMMON.—But that office is in the gift of the Governor! And if he has become so hostile to you, as to dismiss you from his family . . . it is very improbable that . . .

MORTIMER.—No; he may not have the same reasons to refuse this application . . . and . . .

GAMMON.—Besides, you know that I am now opposing him for the United States Senate, and it is not likely that he will mind any recommendation of mine. He will think, in this case particularly, that it may give me some claims to your father's support, who is in the House. No; he won't furnish the rod that he thinks he is to be whipped with.

MORTIMER.—[*Despondingly.*—Then all my hopes are dashed to the ground, and despair and death must be my lot; and yet—he who could serve me on this occasion, might command me for ever, as if I were his slave—his dog!

RANDOLPH.—What! . . . My young friend—you aspire to be a politician, and at the least prospect of disappointment you talk of despair! You—a politician! and you talk of

dying because of a little crossing in the path of your hopes. Die! [*With a tone of sympathy.*] It would be a serious loss to your friends; and . . . remember . . . I am one of them. As such, I claim the privilege of straining every nerve to procure for you the object of your ambition.

MORTIMER.—[*With transport.*]—What do I hear! Is it possible! I thank you with heart and soul. Did I not judge of you rightly! Did I not know you to be as generous and unselfish as you are refined in manners, elegant in tastes, perfect in education! I will proclaim you my benefactor, and I am yours to the death.

RANDOLPH.—Pish! Don't magnify a mole-hill into a mountain. I please myself by serving you, and I merely do my duty when securing a good officer for the State. Therefore no thanks. Sit down at that table, and write a short letter of application to the Governor. I will deliver it. [*Whilst Mortimer is writing, Randolph approaches Gammon, and whispers to him:*] That is [*pointing to Mortimer*] a warm, a true, and a generous heart, Gammon; one capable of the greatest act of devotion and gratitude.

GAMMON.—There are very few men to be trusted, Randolph—very few! But do you really think that *he* can be relied upon?

RANDOLPH.—Yes; for he is barely twenty-one, and has not yet been tossed upon the treacherous sea of the world, and buffeted by its billows. He has never been deceived, and is not yet a deceiver! But, in a few years . . . it may be otherwise.

GAMMON.—Why?

RANDOLPH.—[*Looking fixedly at Gammon.*]—Is it you, Mr. Gammon, with your gray hairs, and that secret estimation of mankind which you keep cautiously buttoned up under your coat, who ask me why? Why? Indeed! Don't you see that he is a youth now—in a few years he will be a man. With too much experience in his head, and with a heart per-

haps crushed into an inert lump, or converted into a thing of gall and bitterness, who knows what he may be then!

GAMMON.—A truce to your moralizing! But to the point. Do you seriously think that he can now be trusted? Do you think it would be wise to unfold to him some of my plans, and to convert him into . . . I will not say . . . a tool . . . but . . . something . . . like a help . . . a useful agent? He can command his father's press and influence; he has talent enough to write a good article; he can talk well; he could operate, not only on his father, but on two or three of his father's friends in the House. He might scatter about in Baton Rouge the men who are in his father's employment, or fill with them the lobbies of the Capitol. They are very numerous; they might make demonstrations in my favor in all the public places; it might tell upon the representatives. We would call it the *voice of the people*.

RANDOLPH.—No. There is in the head of that youth something else than ambition, and if I were in your place . . . if I were a politician . . . I would . . . but I am not in your place, and I am not a politician! I care not for politics; I will not meddle with the dirty trash. Therefore do as you please—and mark this, Mr. Gammon—whatever happens, bear you in mind that I have given you no advice—that I never sought to know any of your intended moves on the chess-board—that I am determined to remain neutral, and to be passive in the great struggle that is going on.

[*Mortimer rises, and presents the letter he has written to Randolph, who puts it in his pocket. At this moment the voice of Beckendorf, senior, is heard behind the scene.*]

BECKENDORF.—[*Behind the scene.*—]Oh! oh! that is what is called a republican governor! And I voted for him—fool that I was!

MORTIMER.—That is my father's voice. He seems to be in a passion!

RANDOLPH.—I am glad that he comes. I will converse with him on the subject of your desires.

MORTIMER.—For God's sake, no. I have for the present some particular reason to keep him in ignorance of the step I take.

SCENE VII.

[*Beckendorf enters.*]

BECKENDORF.—[*With a German accent.*]*—*That is to say, that if I was not aware of the respect due to the Governor of the State, I would go to his Excellency, and tell him that he is a puppy!

MORTIMER.—[*Walking up to him, and in a soothing tone.*]*—*Father!

BECKENDORF.—Stand aside; am I not in a free country? Have I come all the way here from Germany not to speak my mind? Stand aside, I say. By the by, I am glad you are here. You shall not return to that puppy's plantation.

GAMMON.—My dear old friend, what is the matter?

BECKENDORF.—What is the matter? Why, the press has been insulted—the mechanics of the State have been treated with contempt—the Legislature has been vilified.

GAMMON.—Indeed! In what way?

BECKENDORF.—[*Pompously.*]*—*In my person!

GAMMON.—It is inconceivable, and you speak in riddles.

BECKENDORF.—The riddle is a plain one. I waited on the Governor, not long ago, at his own house—mind you—at his own particular request, as he had sent me word that he wanted several barrels of my best beer, and desired to converse with me in relation to a communication which he wished to appear in my paper, and in which his claim to the

United States Senate were to be strongly advocated by some disinterested friend—himself, I suppose. I had also intended to avail myself of this opportunity to lay before him my views as to the safest policy to be pursued both by the State and General Government on those great topics which now absorb the attention of the world. But what has happened?—mind you.

GAMMON.—I cannot guess . . . perhaps . . .

BECKENDORF.—Stop! I'll tell you. I was kept waiting half an hour in his parlor, when, forsooth, at the very moment I was dropping asleep, a servant came in and told me that his Excellency was indisposed, and begged me to return to-morrow!

RANDOLPH.—Is it possible?

BECKENDORF.—If it had been true, it would have been nothing; I am not over sensitive. But, just as I was crossing the porch, on my way out, I met his youngest daughter—a very pretty child, by the by—rosy cheeks—sweet German face—pat her on the head, and say to her, “And so Pa is sick—sorry for it.” She looks up and answers, with a toss of her little head: “Pa is not sick.” “Not sick!” said I; “not in bed?” “No; Pa is in the dining-room, talking politics with some gentlemen and drinking Madeira. Pa wants to take us all to Washington.” Now you have the whole of it, mind you! Did you ever hear of such an outrage?

GAMMON.—It is too monstrous! There must be some error.

BECKENDORF.—No; fact! I tell you. It is the unvarnished and truthful tale of an innocent child—the best of witnesses—mind you.

RANDOLPH.—[*With an affectation of the deepest concern.*]
—No! no! That is too strong. I cannot believe it.

BECKENDORF.—It cannot be, however, the object of a doubt. On receiving such information from the girl, I went round

the house myself, looked into the dining-room through a window, and saw the parties sipping their wine, as I had been told! Thus, gentlemen, one of the most respectable and oldest of the naturalized citizens, one of the directors of the Baton Rouge Bank, one of the members of the press, a man who employs a hundred voters in his beer manufacture, in his printing establishment, and numerous shops, and last not least, a member of the Legislature, could not get access to the Governor, because his republican Excellency was concocting with a sycophantic gang the best plan to secure his election to the office he covets. I think he had better be a good governor [*what many think, by the by, he is far from being*] before aspiring to be something else.

MORTIMER.—[*Deprecatingly.*]—Father! father! Be more circumspect.

BECKENDORF.—Pish! I don't forget that I came here a poor redemptioner. But, God helping, and with the assistance of my good wife, Gertrude, the daughter of honest Peter Bluff, the butcher, and the most industrious woman that ever was born on the banks of our blue Rhine, I have raised myself to what I am, to be respected, and to be the master of a pretty independent fortune; and I should like to see the man who could reproach me with unfair dealings; and I do not know if there are many of our governors and great men in the State who can say as much.

RANDOLPH.—[*With dignity.*]—Mr. Beckendorf! You forget what is due

BECKENDORF.—Nay, sir; I name nobody. God save the State! But as to governors and would-be senators in general

MORTIMER.—Father! father! this is the way to raise enemies!

BECKENDORF.—What do I care? What have I to fear? I will show some folks what a man can do, with a newspaper at his command—a beer manufacture—five tipping establish-

ments—two hundred thousand dollars invested in real estate and stocks, and with other means which I need not boast of.

RANDOLPH.—[*Aside.*]—That bombastic fool is right. He would be worth much under a proper direction. [*Whilst Mortimer takes his father aside to pacify him, Randolph walks up to Gammon, and pointing to Beckendorf, says :*] That man is one of the most important helps you can have.

GAMMON.—You must be jesting. He is but a blustering, honest blockhead—a bag of wind.

RANDOLPH.—So much the better. Rip up the bag ; let the wind escape — it may grow into a tempest, and sink your adversary's ship.

GAMMON.—Bah!—The man is as empty as a drum.

RANDOLPH.—Beat it to the proper tune. The sound of the drum frequently leads to victory. If I were ambitious, and a politician—if I thought it advisable to work that rich mine of imbecile vanity, I would make it yield to me as much profit as the best gold one in California.

GAMMON.—You think so! Really! [*He walks up to Beckendorf, takes him by the arm, and leads him aside.*] I am deeply grieved, Mr. Beckendorf, at your having been treated with so much disrespect. I, for my part, honor men of your character, who are the very bone and sinew of our country, and I want to prove it to you. But let it be understood that this is to be strictly confidential. [*Beckendorf nods assent.*] Well then! if you are not appreciated in the executive chamber here, in other quarters your merits are better known. I have lately received a communication from a very distinguished source at Washington, which I am not permitted to designate more particularly. In that communication, I am told that the government thinks it sound policy to give a diplomatic appointment of some importance to a naturalized citizen, and that the compliment is intended for Louisiana. I have been consulted on the subject, and on the proper person to be sent from our State to one of the Ger-

man courts; and with your permission, I will recommend you as one of the best qualified men in the United States for that mission . . . and . . . and . . . Mr. Beckendorf, if I succeed in being elected Senator, I have no doubt that you may consider that appointment as yours.

BECKENDORF.—My dear sir—I am so confused . . .

GAMMON.—Not a word! Hush! Remember—the utmost secrecy! Mum! [*Walking back with Beckendorf to the other actors, he says to him:*] By the by, Mr. Beckendorf, your beer is growing in reputation every day; so much so, that many of my friends in New Orleans, when I left it for Baton Rouge, gave me commands for the article, and I beg you to send twenty barrels of your best and stoutest to my address at New Orleans.

BECKENDORF.—I will do so with pleasure. I have precisely that number of picked barrels, which I had laid aside for my own use, and which, on reflection, I had intended to cede to the Governor, who told me he was going to have his eldest daughter married in a few days, and who, to curry popularity, thinks of giving to the whole town, on that occasion, a grand entertainment, in which he will make beer flow like water in his garden for the benefit of the good people. No bad idea, that, mind you! But now he shall not have my choice beer, the puppy! I'll keep it for you.

MORTIMER.—[*With evident perturbation.*]—The Governor's daughter is to be married!

RANDOLPH.—[*Looking at Mortimer with marked attention, and speaking with slow emphasis.*]—Yes—certainly—she is to be married to Lovedale, the nephew of Trimsail. He has many qualifications, for he is a good-looking young man, a dead shot, a promising politician, a fair stump speaker, and a member of the Legislature.

MORTIMER.—[*To himself with consternation.*]—She is to be soon married!

BECKENDORF.—[*With a bluff tone.*]—What is that to you?

MORTIMER.—[*Coldly, and with affected self-possession.*] True, it is nothing to me.

RANDOLPH.—[*Looking towards the side-scenes.*]—So ho! the Governor leaves his office, and I suppose, closes it for the day. He seems to be crossing the rotunda to come here.

BECKENDORF.—I am too much excited to see him now. I must go.

GAMMON.—Well, I'll join you. Let us go and take some refreshment.

BECKENDORF.—[*To Mortimer.*]—Do you come, Mortimer? and you, Mr. Randolph?

RANDOLPH.—No, thank you. I must tarry here awhile, and keep Mr. Mortimer with me, if you permit it.

BECKENDORF.—I wish I could always leave him in such good company. [*Exit with Gammon.*]

RANDOLPH.—[*To Mortimer.*]—Wait for me there [*pointing to the side-scenes*]. You will know immediately the Governor's answer to your application.

MORTIMER.—[*Bowing and withdrawing.*]—Much obliged to you, sir.

SCENE VIII.

[*Enter Governor.*]

GOVERNOR.—Good evening, Randolph. Having been informed of your being here, I have come to take you home to supper. Let us adjourn definitively for the day.

RANDOLPH.—Many thanks for your kind attention. But, if I accompany you home, you will kill me with politics, and you know it affects my nerves to hear the vile subject mentioned.

GOVERNOR.—It is what your friends complain of. You have at your disposal all the elements necessary to secure

success in politics—money and talent. Why should you not have ambition?

RANDOLPH.—Faith! there are so many ambitious men that I may well dispense with increasing their number.

GOVERNOR.—But you might help your friends!

RANDOLPH.—I have friends enlisted against one another. I cannot help one of them without opposing the rest. Therefore I remain neutral, from taste and policy.

GOVERNOR.—Then only favor me with your advice.

RANDOLPH.—I cannot do so without knowing your political secrets and manœuvres . . . and it might embarrass me to know them.

GOVERNOR.—But stop. There is no necessity for such scruples. What I am going to tell you is no secret. That blunderbuss of a German, the thick-headed Beckendorf, I have offended unwillingly; first, by dispensing with the services of his son at my plantation; and next, by not receiving him when he lately called at my house. But I could not do otherwise in both cases. I know that the man is neither to be coaxed back nor conciliated. The caucus takes place to-morrow, and, should he be active against me, I fear that he might do a great deal of mischief. What is to be done?

RANDOLPH.—Not being expert in electioneering, I cannot tell. But old Beckendorf is a true German in his propensities, and loves his pipe and his Rhenish wine a little too much sometimes, as the rumor goes, and should he get intoxicated to-morrow . . . and not attend the meeting . . .

GOVERNOR.—[*Eagerly.*]—Do you advise me to . . .

RANDOLPH.—[*Coldly.*]—I advise nothing. But [*in a jesting and light tone*] this puts me in mind of a bad joke that was perpetrated north of the Potomac, whilst I was travelling in that part of the United States. Thus the story runs:—It seems that it was necessary to get rid, on an occasion like this, of an individual who was a nuisance, and, as in this enlightened

age it is not permitted to dispose of a human incumbrance in the summary manner which was the fashion in better days, long gone by, a new device was hit upon. The obnoxious individual was invited to dinner somewhere, and so handsomely feasted that there was no sense, or even consciousness of self, left in him at the hour when he was wanted elsewhere; and when his friends sought for him, they, to their astonishment, discovered that he and perfection were very much alike.

GOVERNOR.—How?

RANDOLPH.—Because, like perfection, he was nowhere to be found.

GOVERNOR.—[*Laughing.*]—Good! very good! But this, my friend, would be rather a dangerous game; and . . . if it could be traced to me . . .

RANDOLPH.—Therefore am I very far from advocating such a course. On the contrary, I deprecate it. After all, was there ever a precedent for it in this land of eternal political warfare? Who knows whether the anecdote I have related is true or not! I repeated it as I heard it, and never troubled myself about ascertaining its correctness.

GOVERNOR.—[*Musingly.*]—After all, if a man gets drunk . . . whose fault is it?

RANDOLPH.—[*In a careless tone.*]—As you say, whose fault is it? Certainly not that of the man who entertains, but of him who makes a bad use of the entertainment; and . . . if the man who is drunk, on his staggering home, is inveigled by some wag, and, out of fun, is shut up in some dark corner . . . whose fault is it?

GOVERNOR.—Why, the drunkard's, to be sure. He is the only one to be blamed. Faith! Randolph, this is a capital idea!

RANDOLPH.—Which comes entirely and exclusively from yourself, and to which I can not lay the slightest claim.

GOVERNOR.—Well! well! I'll ruminate on it. But, before we part, I have a personal favor to ask of you.

RANDOLPH.—You have only to speak.

GOVERNOR.—Lovedale, the nephew of Trimsail, is betrothed to my daughter, and as his plantation is heavily mortgaged to the Louisiana State Bank, were he elected one of the directors of that institution it might help him a great deal as to obtaining facilities. The amount of your stocks is so large, and your influence over the principal stockholders is such, that your support is equivalent to an election. I hope there will be no objection made.

RANDOLPH.—How could there be any ?

GOVERNOR.—[*Hesitatingly.*]—It might be objected that he is too young—hardly twenty-two years old ; that he is much in debt . . . that he knows nothing about the management of a bank . . . that . . .

RANDOLPH.—[*Sarcastically.*]—Youth is one of the most powerful qualifications that a candidate can rely upon nowadays, and his being totally unacquainted with the duties of the office he aspires to is another very strong recommendation. He will be a Young America director—that's all. As to his being much in debt, I regret that he is not actually a bankrupt, he would then be sure of being elected.

GOVERNOR.—[*Smiling.*]—There may be some truth at the bottom of your jest. But . . . seriously speaking, it is not without reason that you are held by your friends to be the most amiable, the best bred, the most conciliating, the most disinterested

RANDOLPH.—Stop, my dear governor, for I am going to show myself unworthy of your panegyric. [*Pulling a paper out of his coat-pocket.*] Thus, in my turn, I have to ask a small favor at your hands.

GOVERNOR.—It is granted on the spot.

RANDOLPH.—But look at the paper before you take any engagement. [*He hands the paper to the governor.*]

GOVERNOR.—No matter what it is. [*Looking at the paper.*] Good heavens! Mortimer Beckendorf! asking for

the office of assistant-engineer! That cannot be.

RANDOLPH.—[*Taking cigars deliberately from his pocket, offers one to the governor, who declines, and slowly lighting one, says, with a tone of indifference!*]—You think so! and why? . . my excellent friend!

GOVERNOR.—[*With embarrassment.*]—He is the son of that obtuse German, who, I understand, is now abusing me in every direction—and calling me a puppy—forsooth!

RANDOLPH.—The *father* talks against you, it is true; but the *son* is as dumb as an oyster.

GOVERNOR.—Besides, to speak confidentially, I must keep the office in abeyance—it may be to reward an influential partisan for his vote in the House. You see that I cannot afford to dispose of it now. It would weaken me.

RANDOLPH.—Perhaps not. It might pacify the father.

GOVERNOR.—I doubt it. I know too well his bull-headed German obstinacy. But how come you to take such an interest in the youngster?

RANDOLPH.—Well! you know the State has ordered a road to be made in the vicinity of my plantation—White Hall—and it may become important for me to exercise some influence over the engineering department. It might secure the prompt execution of the work. So you see that, if I care not about politics, I have an eye to my private interest. Moreover, I confess that I have taken a fancy to Mortimer.

GOVERNOR.—But he is so young! Besides, he knows nothing of the duties of the office for which he applies.

RANDOLPH.—As we were saying just now: young America rules the day! Youth and incapacity! . . These are the only qualifications required in this progressive age. It may be that Mortimer knows little about engineering—but what does your intended son-in-law know about banking? They will both learn.

GOVERNOR.—But I lately dismissed that young man from my family.

RANDOLPH.—Is it for any want of honesty, capacity, or zeal?

GOVERNOR.—No, but for some weighty reasons entirely personal to me.

RANDOLPH.—After all,—if there are any serious obstacles in the way, I insist no longer. I respect your scruples, my dear governor. Nay, I approve them, and may follow your good example, on the proper occasion.

GOVERNOR.—[*Aside.*]—Damnation! [*To Randolph, and endeavoring to conceal his vexation.*] Randolph! Randolph! I am afraid you can do with me what you please. Well! I will take the matter into consideration.

RANDOLPH.—[*With affected indifference.*]—Good! very good. Do so . . . when it will suit your convenience; for instance . . . in the course of the evening. The Secretary of State told me he had a great deal of occupation, and would remain in his office until ten. You have, as you see, plenty of time to reflect, and to order the commission to be issued before you retire.

GOVERNOR.—[*Much perplexed.*]—My dear friend, it is too late. The Secretary of State has gone home.

RANDOLPH.—[*Pulling out his watch.*]—No; very early yet! very early; only a quarter of nine.

GOVERNOR.—You are too slow.

RANDOLPH.—Never! and the proof of it is, that I never was too late in any thing.

GOVERNOR.—[*Smiling.*]—So I perceive; on this occasion at least. [*With great cordiality.*] Well . . . we shall see come to supper.

RANDOLPH.—I cannot as yet say yes I must pause, and consider. My stomach is weak, and I am troubled with spasms. I feel them now. I'll meet you in a few minutes at the office of the Secretary of State, and, perhaps, I may then feel better. But, well or unwell, I promise you not to fail to attend at the Bank, when the election in which you take so

much interest, on account of your intended son-in-law, shall come on.

GOVERNOR.—I trust you will. Well! I leave you, and, according to your wishes, I'll wait for you at the office of the Secretary of State. You must sup with me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IX.

RANDOLPH.—[*Going towards the side-scenes, and beckoning to Mortimer.*]—Mr. Mortimer! Mr. Mortimer!

MORTIMER.—Well! my generous patron, what am I to expect? I was dying with impatience!

RANDOLPH.—You are appointed—you are assistant engineer.

MORTIMER.—Is it possible!

RANDOLPH.—To-morrow, I will call at your father's house and will myself fetch your commission to you.

MORTIMER.—You are much . . . much too kind! . .

RANDOLPH.—One word more—it is to give you a warning—but under a solemn oath of secrecy. Your father has been imprudent—he speaks too fearlessly; it is dangerous; he has enemies, in whose way he might stand.

MORTIMER.—Good God! sir; you don't mean that aught is meditated against his person.

RANDOLPH.—Don't be alarmed. I do not mean any assault endangering limb or life; but perhaps some stratagem or device which might bring disgrace, ridicule, or shame on him.

MORTIMER.—Pray, give me some more precise information.

RANDOLPH.—I cannot. Perhaps, after all, have I been deceived. There may be, or there may not be, a cause for what I tell you. Be it as it may, you are warned. Watch over your father—forewarned—forearmed—you know. So

runs the saying. Above all, keep this secret to yourself, and be prudent.

MORTIMER.—I will. I would rather die than do aught to displease you . . . [*Pressing Randolph's hand, he says with great emotion :*] Good bye, sir ; may the time soon come, when I may prove to you that I possess what has been rightly called—the memory of the heart—gratitude! [*Exit.*]

RANDOLPH.—[*Alone.*—Excellent young man! A rich compound of generous feelings and noble faith in those of others! [*With the deepest tone of dejection.*] So I was at twenty. Would to God that my soul—that my soul had never grown older—much older than the body—and that its sweet illusions had not dropped one by one like autumnal leaves! [*Smiling with bitter scorn.*] After all, it is better perhaps as it is ; yes, it is wisely ordained. He who, under the tuition of that rough master, experience, has spelt and studied the most useful of books, the human heart, has learned there a lesson which ought to prevent him from being deceived. . . . But it is time to meet his Excellency at the office of the Secretary of State.

[*Exit.*]

Act Second.

SCENE I.

BECKENDORF'S HOUSE—AN APARTMENT PARTAKING OF THE CHARACTER OF THE COUNTING-ROOM AND OF THE PARLOR—BECKENDORF IS WRITING AT A DESK—AT SOME DISTANCE GERTRUDE IS OPENING A PARCEL OF LETTERS—SHE RISES, AND COMING UP TO BECKENDORF, SAYS :—

GERTRUDE.—Here are orders for beer from Donaldsonville, Plaquemines, Alexandria, New Orleans, Natchez, Vicksburg, and other places.

BECKENDORF.—[*With impatience.*]—Very well! wife, very well!

GERTRUDE.—There are also letters from your agents at those places where you keep beer-drinking establishments. Some of them are pressing, and require immediate answers.

BECKENDORF.—[*With increased impatience.*]—You see how very busy I am, my dear!

GERTRUDE.—It would also be necessary to write without loss of time to that rich beer-house keeper of Cincinnati

BECKENDORF.—A beer-house keeper!

GERTRUDE.—He is one of our best customers.

BECKENDORF.—You talk to me of writing to a tavern-keeper, when I am just now addressing the President of the United States!

GERTRUDE.—[*With astonishment.*]—You!

BECKENDORF.—[*Laying by his pen, and with emphasis.*]—Wife!—look at me!

GERTRUDE.—Well!

BECKENDORF.—[*With increased emphasis.*]—Look at me—I say!

GERTRUDE.—[*Alarmed.*]—Gracious heaven! what is the matter? Are you sick?

BECKENDORF.—Tut!—Sick!—Look at me, and tell me whether you would like to be the wife of a minister plenipotentiary!

GERTRUDE.—[*In utter amazement.*]—A what?

BECKENDORF.—A minister plenipotentiary!

GERTRUDE.—Husband! husband! you frighten me. Are you mad? Since you have been meddling with politics, and since you have become the proprietor of a newspaper, you have lost that rough, but solid, straightforward, unsophisticated, sound common sense which I remarked in you, when you first loved me—the daughter of plain Peter Bluff, the butcher, and which so far has carried you successfully through life. What, or who has lately infected you with such crack-brained notions?

BECKENDORF.—Crack-brained notions! I tell you that I have it from the best authority, that I am recommended to the President for a mission to one of the German courts. Our friend Gammon, who is one of the greatest politicians of the age, and who has the ear of the President, has assured me confidentially of the fact.

GERTRUDE.—[*Aside.*]—Ho! ho! does the shaft come from that bow? [*Here some hooting and peals of laughter are heard in the street. Gertrude looks out of a window, then comes to Beckendorf, and leading him by the arm to the window, says :*] What do you see there?

BECKENDORF.—As I live!—Gammon walking lovingly and arm in arm with that swinish brute, Tubfull, the member from St. Tammany. How drunk is Tubfull! How the

fellow hiccups and tosses his arms, and hangs on Gammon's neck, and slabbers on him! I declare—Gammon deserves some credit for the serene and I might say heroic composure with which he goes through the ordeal. The lookers on, and particularly the little blackguards of the street, seem to enjoy it richly.

GERTRUDE.—[*Tapping Beckendorf on the shoulder.*]—Husband! the man who can do that to get a vote, can tell any lies to serve his purposes.

BECKENDORF.—Pish! wife! Do you know how we call what you see there? We call it making political capital. That is one of the tricks of politicians—that is the way to become popular! What do you know about politics and politicians?

GERTRUDE.—Nothing—thank God. But I know something about what becomes an honest, decent man, and I am sure that we have not been looking at one now.

SCENE II.

[*Enter JOHN TOBIAS NUTMEG.*]

JOHN.—[*Carrying a basket of empty bottles.*]—I come from the barkeeper in Lafayette street . . .

BECKENDORF.—Well! what's that to me? What do you want?

JOHN.—The barkeeper wants some more brandy and whisky. He says that the last you sent him was too mild. The customers complain; they want something that sticks more to the throat, and leaves some remembrance behind.

BECKENDORF.—Go to the devil! Do you think that I have time to plague myself about such things now? It is true that the customers of that shop bring me a handsome revenue. Well, wife, it must be your business more than

mine at the present moment. [*Significantly.*] You know that I have something more important to attend to. [*He resumes writing.*]

JOHN.—[*Drawing a bag from his big coat's pocket.*]— . . . And here is . . .

BECKENDORF.—[*Impatiently.*]—Again! When will you have done?

JOHN.—Here is the money which the barkeeper gave me as the net produce of last month's drinking.

BECKENDORF.—[*Taking the bag.*]—How vexatious it is to have anything to do with such humiliating details! [*Returning the bag.*] Carry it to my first clerk . . . and . . . let me alone. [*Writes again.*] “Yes, Mr. President, in relation to those intricate questions of German politics on which you may wish for my opinion.” . . .

JOHN.—[*Making the motion of weighing the bag he holds.*] Humiliating details indeed! I wish I had a cart-load of such humiliating details to deal with on my own account.

GERTRUDE.—Look you—John—you have been very long in executing my errands. You have lost time, I am afraid—and time is money—and who loses time, and therefore money, gets into the worst of habits.

JOHN.—[*Aside.*]—Bless me! I guess that here woman is not like her husband. She is as clear-sighted as a New Hampshire bald-headed eagle, and as vigilant as a Connecticut old maiden cat. [*To Gertrude.*] I beg to be excused for this time, old lady. But I could not help stopping occasionally . . . you see . . . at the street corners—where there are clusters of men talking with so much excitement that you would think they are stark mad.

GERTRUDE.—What can be the matter?

BECKENDORF.—[*Interrupting his writing, but still remaining at his desk, says with a tone of affected importance:*] It is because the election of a United States Senator is shortly to take place. The excitement is tremendous. Our small town

is crowded with people from New Orleans and every other part of the State. But what do such folks as *you* know or care about such things?

JOHN.—I beg your pardon, sir; so far as *I* am concerned, it is *my* duty, as a free born American citizen, to know something about the affairs of my country, and therefore I spent two hours in the streets, and about the coffee-houses, inquiring into what was going on. I tell you . . . it is quite funny—quite exhilarating—people are betting in lots—many for the Governor; others, for Mr. Gammon—some for the other candidate . . . what is his name? Tagrag . . . I believe. These, it seems, are the only three candidates. But all agree in one thing . . . it is in trying to outwit and humbug one another.

GERTRUDE.—What's that to you? Mind your business.

JOHN.—That is *my* business. The affairs of the country are *my* business! I'll attend to *yours* too. Mind you—there is time for every thing. So my mother, old Deborah Nutmeg, used to say.

GERTRUDE.—Well! I wish you would attend now to the concerns of the house. Therefore please to carry those empty bottles to the cellar. I'll soon be with you.

JOHN.—[*Aside, whilst going away.*]—Those foreigners—I don't care how long they may have been naturalized, can never become familiar with our institutions, and never understand the rights of a free born American citizen. [*Exit.*]

GERTRUDE.—[*Who was looking at John when going out, turns round, and, seeing Beckendorf putting on his hat and taking his cane, says:*] Whither are you jogging, when you were so very busy just now?

BECKENDORF.—I am going to do what is certainly becoming in *me*, although it may suit neither the age nor the occupations of *that stripling*—I am going to attend to the business of the country—my adopted country though it be—and no less dear to me notwithstanding.

GERTRUDE.—Cursed be the day when you became the proprietor of a newspaper, and a member of the Legislature!

BECKENDORF.—[*Nettled.*]—And why should I not aim at playing a political and important part in the State like many others who are no better than I am?

GERTRUDE.—If others play the fool, it is no reason why you should. The State will take care of itself. Mind your own business as you have heretofore done, and every thing will be better for yourself and for the State. There are men whose vocation it is, from taste, habit, and education, to be statesmen, and who have the necessary qualifications for such pursuits. Make room for them. Your trade is to be a beer-manufacturer, and a beer-seller. You have plenty of money in bank, and therefore you can want no office, and need not care for the protection of any body. Why should you be a public servant, when you can be free, independent, and your own master? Rule your family, govern your workmen, legislate for your shops, and sell off that printing establishment of yours, which has given you more trouble than all your other business put together, and which is a losing concern after all.

BECKENDORF.—That is to say, Mrs. Beckendorf, that I am good for nothing else than measuring beer by the gallon! That is the low estimate you put on the intellect of men of my class . . . of mechanics . . . of those born in humble life!

GERTRUDE.—God forbid, my dear! How can I be suspected of saying aught in contempt of mechanics and people born in humble life—I, the daughter of honest Peter Bluff the butcher—I, who think that there is no class of men more useful as a body and entitled to more consideration than that of the common laborers, who, by hard work, and through every sort of privation, have to support themselves and their families, and without whose industry the world could not get along! But I reckon the world would not be worse, if there

were no lawyers, no physicians, and no such other learned and gentle folks. But suppress the butcher, the tailor, the shoemaker, the baker, the house-builder, even the heart-comforting beer-seller, and what would become of your printers—and your legislators—and your ministers plenipotentary—and your politicians—and the like useless trash. But if the mechanic becomes ashamed of his tools, and drops his trade for something he knows no more about than he knows of the man in the moon; if, instead of remaining a useful and honest laborer, he apes the white-kid-glove gentleman, and degrades himself by assuming the character of a political gambler—an electioneering blackleg—it alters the case wonderfully, in my opinion—and when you, my dear husband, get out of your sphere, and begin scribbling away nonsense to the President of the United States, who will laugh at you, if he takes the trouble of perusing one line of your letter, I declare it to you, with genuine German frankness, that I reverence in you the politician much less than the brewer of beer.

BECKENDORF.—Go on—go on—Mrs. Beckendorf. Pray, don't stop. I wish you were in Congress; you would spout better than Clay, Webster, or Calhoun. I declare they would not begin to shine near you. Only, you moralize too much, that's all.

GERTRUDE.—Let Congress alone, husband; and, instead of sneering at the wife of your bosom, who loves you well, and thinks of nothing else than yourself and our son, take kindly her homely, but well-meant advice. Mind your own business, and don't wade beyond your depth. Are you tired of being happy? Are you satiated with your own prosperity? Are you not getting richer every day? Have you not got devoted friends—at least in the class you belong to, and in which you ought to remain—a wife who cherishes you, although she may scold you occasionally—the best and noblest of sons, to whom we have given a princely education

—a son whom the President of the United States himself would envy us—a son who has every qualification that a father or a mother can desire—who deservedly is our pride, and is the sole object for which we ought to care to live. Why should we trouble ourselves about any thing else?

BECKENDORF.—Ho! ho!—if you begin to harp on that string, I may as well take a chair and prepare myself patiently to

GERTRUDE.—Ay! ay! our son!—our only child! His prosperity ought to be our sole ambition. He is the State for *me*. I prefer him to the whole of the United States, with old Germany, too, into the bargain. Why should I care for any thing else? What do I care whether the democrats or whigs are up or down! What do I care who is President, Governor, or United States Senator, and what dish they are cooking in yonder building they call the State House. Whoever rules—whatever party is in the ascendency, I don't think it would change much the course of the Mississippi. What I mind—what is important to me, is to know if every thing is snug at home—if the whole household is in first-rate order—if our business thrives—if my husband is in good health—if my son is happy—if all our people, black or white, are contented—that is my duty—and I attend to nothing else. Let every body do his duty too, and mind his own business. Every man to his trade. It is an old and wise saying.

BECKENDORF.—[*Impatiently.*]—And who says no?

GERTRUDE.—You—who are acting in such contradiction to the doctrine I preach, although you admit it to be correct—you who have become the owner of a newspaper, which you have not the requisite ability to manage—you who have become a member of the Legislature—a politician—and, to make it worse, you who write to the President of the United States, and who have taken up the absurd, and, forgive me, if I say—the ridiculous and laughable notion of becoming a

minister plenipotentiary. I could almost cry from sheer vexation of spirit.

BECKENDORF.—And was not Benjamin Franklin—Benjamin Franklin!—Do you hear?—a mechanic!—a printer!—nay— a printer's devil! and was he not in time a minister plenipotentiary? And did not other people become great, who had started as low as I did?

GERTRUDE.—I don't deny it. It may all be true for all that I know. But if true, there was something in those men that is not in you. Men are not alike, husband, and I don't believe, as politicians say, that "they are born equal." You have your qualifications. They were sufficient to win my love, to make you rich, and a useful and respectable member of society. Is not that enough? Aim not higher, and if, instead of looking in the wrong direction, you had been taking at home a closer survey of what concerns you, you would have discovered that our dear son is not happy—that he is drooping in spirits—that he has some secret sorrow he conceals from us.

BECKENDORF.—Is it possible! Mortimer unhappy! Our only son in drooping spirits! What can ail the boy? Pish! It cannot be.

GERTRUDE.—Ay! ay—it is so. It escaped *your* observation, not *mine*. Trust a mother's eye for that.

BECKENDORF.—Why—he must be dyspeptic or some such thing. Give him some of our oldest Rhenish wine. It cures every thing. After all, it is your business, wife, to nurse the boy—that is the province of a woman. What could I do for him? I have had so much occupation since the meeting of the Legislature, and I have been so much absorbed by the forthcoming election of a United States Senator, that I could not turn my attention to household affairs. I was relying altogether upon you to make him happy, and to keep him in good health. What ails the boy, I say? It can't be any thing serious. What does he wish? I refuse him noth-

ing. Does he want a larger allowance of money? Ask him how much. I dare say he has got some crotchet or other in his head. Well! here is the key of my strong box—give it to him—let him help himself. Young men have their follies at times, which must be humored—and . . .

GERTRUDE.—Hush! here he comes.

SCENE III.

MORTIMER.—[*Entering with precipitancy.*]—So you have not yet gone out, father. I am glad to be in time to beg you stay at home until twelve o'clock, when the caucus meets at the State House, whither I pray to be permitted to accompany you.

BECKENDORF.—And why stay at home?

MORTIMER.—Because the whole town is topsy turvy. It is now known to all that the Senatorial contest thus stands: 35 for Gammon; 35 for the Governor; 15 for Tagrag, and one blank—which is the vote of Mr. Randolph, who obstinately persists with his characteristic political apathy in siding with nobody, and on the ground that he does not care who gets the caucus nomination, the three candidates being his friends, and equally worthy of the honor they desire. Therefore, the absence, defection, or disappearance, in one way or other, of one single voter, is of so much importance, that the candidates watch over their respective partisans as a hen over her brood, and there are all sorts of stories afloat on the tricks which will be played, in buying out, bargaining, and even kidnapping, in order to secure success.

BECKENDORF.—What's that to me? You don't suppose I can be bought like a negro, or that I want a body guard to protect me, and that I am exposed, in broad daylight, to be run away with in the loving arms of some madcap, as if I were an heiress!

MORTIMER.—But, father—I was cautioned by one who is well informed, no doubt, and whom I cannot name, to put you on your guard, because

BECKENDORF.—Pish! Nonsense I am off to breakfast with Turncoat and Wagtail.

MORTIMER.—What! two of the Governor's warmest friends and supporters!

BECKENDORF.—Well! What of it? Because the Governor is a puppy—must that prevent me from associating with his friends? Besides, Turncoat and Wagtail betted with me yesterday, that they could produce better beer and Rhenish wine than any I can boast of. Presumptuous coxcombs! I'll make them pull down their flag.

MORTIMER.—[*Aside.*]—I see that Mr. Randolph's hint was not unfounded. [*To Beckendorf.*] But, father, as mother says you are always sick when you diné out, had you not better abstain from

BECKENDORF.—Suppose it to be true—I am going to *break fast* out, and not *dine*!

MORTIMER.—But those two unprincipled men might be daring enough to drug the wines, if necessary, so as to prevent you from attending the caucus, and thereby cause Mr. Gammon to lose one vote.

BECKENDORF.—[*Alarmed.*]—You don't suppose them capable of poisoning me!

[*During the preceding conversation, Gertrude had seated herself in the back part of the stage, and had been occupied in knitting. She flings aside her work, and, coming up to the two actors, says with great animation.:*]

GERTRUDE.—Yes!—politicians are capable of every thing.

MORTIMER.—Not so fast, mother; not so fast. All I mean is, that they might attempt to produce some temporary indisposition, which might put father in a position he would for ever after regret deeply.

[*Enter JOHN.*]

JOHN.—[*To Beckendorf.*]—I beg pardon, sir . . . but hearing that there was a popular demonstration intended for your friend and candidate, Mr. Gammon, I had stepped out a little bit—just as far as the corner, to ascertain what of truth there is in it, when I met the gentleman himself in a great hurry, who handed me this note to be delivered to you.

BECKENDORF.—[*Taking the note and reading.*]—“My dear sir, the game is mine. One of the Governor’s voters has suddenly departed from Baton Rouge and gone home on account of illness in his family—so that I now stand thus: thirty-five for me to thirty-four for the Governor in the caucus. The people are getting up a demonstration in my favor, and, as they know you to be one of my firmest supporters, they wish to show you their gratitude, and therefore will soon call at your house, where they will form in a procession, put you at the head of it, and march to the State House. That demonstration, and the honors thus paid to you as my friend, will not be without effect at Washington in furtherance of a certain object we have at heart.”

MORTIMER.—[*Aside.*]—A lucky accident! [*To Beckendorf.*] There . . . you see . . . father . . . you are now compelled to stay at home.

BECKENDORF.—Well! since I must please you in this request, I will write a letter of apology to Wagtail and Turncoat.

GERTRUDE.—[*With vivacity.*]—And I wish you would do the same as to Mr. Gammon’s popular demonstration, and write to him to keep it for himself.

BECKENDORF.—Tut! wife, you are behind the age, but I hope that, one day, when in a more exalted sphere, you will understand these things better. [*To John.*] Come to my room . . . I’ll write a few lines which you will carry right off to Messrs. Wagtail and Turncoat.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

GERTRUDE.—Far from grieving at your being dismissed from the Governor's family, my son, I rejoice at it, for you will now stay with us altogether. We shall no longer live apart, even for a few days. But why, my darling, should you wear such looks of dejection?

MORTIMER.—Because, mother, I grieve at the idea of afflicting you and overclouding the bright prospect of happiness for us all at home, which your imagination has been sketching.

GERTRUDE.—What can prevent its being realized?

MORTIMER.—Because, mother, I must leave you and father for some time—leave Louisiana—my cherished native land—for foreign parts.

GERTRUDE.—Gracious heaven! what do I hear, my son! What is the meaning of all this? You!—leave your aged parents and put the broad ocean between them and their only support—their only joy! the only object they live for! What have we done to drive you away from the paternal house? How can such a resolution have sprung up in the heart of so loving and dutiful a son as you are, Mortimer? Have we involuntarily been the cause of any secret grief which it is in my power to remedy? Is there one of your wishes not gratified? [*Throwing her arms round his neck.*] It is not my fault, child—thy poor mother's fault. I did not know that you wanted any thing. Pardon me—pardon me. Whatever you want, you shall have.

MORTIMER.—Oh! mother! you increase my grief by supposing that you can be the cause of it. You! asking pardon of me! . . . when I should be at your feet craving your blessing and your forgiveness for the sorrow I am going to bring on your gray hairs. [*Kissing her forehead.*] You are the

tenderest, the best, the most indulgent of mothers—and yet I must part with you—for a while! My heart is breaking—I cannot stay here for the present.

GERTRUDE.—And why? In what part of the world will you be as truly and as ardently loved as here? What ails you? The Governor has dismissed you from his plantation. Well! you have remained there long enough to become as good a planter as he; we have sufficient means to purchase a handsome sugar estate. There we will live cheerily together, making ourselves and our negroes and every thing about us gay and happy. Perhaps you are ashamed of our humble beginning and of the homely kind of business which we continue to carry. Well! we can do without it, and soon become sugar nabobs like others, whose beginning is forgotten, and whose fortune is perhaps not so legitimately and so honestly come by as ours. Cheer up! cheer up, my son! I'll lose no time, and close the shop to-morrow, and in less than a month you will be the lord and master of a large plantation and one hundred hands.

MORTIMER.—Don't talk in this strain, mother. How can you suppose me so mean as to be ashamed of my parents, and of the manner in which they have honorably risen to affluence, and become able to give me a more liberal and refined education than I could have any pretensions to.

GERTRUDE.—Ay!—the education of a prince—and it is no more than you deserved.

MORTIMER.—[*With a melancholy smile.*]—Say of a gentleman. That is the best and the highest. But it is, perhaps, the cause of all my unhappiness.

GERTRUDE.—Bless me! What do you mean?

MORTIMER.—I'll tell you all. It is time that you should know all. Besides—the secret seems more heavy from its being pent up and confined within my breast; and who should be intrusted with a son's grief, if it were not a mother! Would to God you had been contented with giving me the

education necessary to carry on my father's occupation, instead of attempting to lift me up above the level where I was born.

GERTRUDE.—But where is the harm? — . . .

MORTIMER.—You will see. You—or rather my father, discountenancing the idea of my being a brewer of beer as he was, cherished the hope of making me a sugar-planter, and desired me to become one of what is called the aristocracy of the land, in a country where the bare conception of there being an aristocracy of any kind, in the true sense of the word, is ludicrously absurd. I don't blame you for it. That was a thought of the heart, but it led to my present unhappiness.

GERTRUDE.—Explain, my son . . . explain.

MORTIMER.—A short time after I left the university, father, as you well know, introduced me into the Governor's family, to learn the management of a plantation, before his buying one for me.

GERTRUDE.—Well! Well! But what has all this to do with your desire to leave us? I don't understand . . .

MORTIMER.—Oh! mother; you have not seen Henrietta, the Governor's eldest daughter. When my supervising of the labors on the plantation for the day was over, I used to spend all the evenings in her company. The piano thrilled with passion under my fingers, when her celestial voice, embellishing even Rossini's musical genius, filled my heart with ecstasy. My hand at times guided her pencil, when she sketched the flowers among which she could find none so sweet as her own rosy cheeks; and often when I read to her passages from her favorite authors, such a light of enthusiastic admiration beamed from her eyes, as threw a halo round her angelic face. I will not speak of her unrivalled beauty. But if you had had, like me, the daily opportunity of appreciating the inexhaustible treasures of her mind and soul—if you had studied that wonderful combination of the best cul-

tivated intellect, the most solid and unerring judgment, with the most feminine and most seductive graces—if you had witnessed so much simplicity of heart with so much elegance of manner, and so much modesty, that she is totally unconscious of the possession of so many attainments, and of such a variety of fascination—if you had become familiar with the nobleness of her nature, the generosity of her temper, and, I may say, the very exaggeration of her virtues—you would have done as I have ; you would have worshipped her.

GERTRUDE.—Well! Why don't you marry her?

MORTIMER.—I have not even told her that I love!

GERTRUDE.—What foolish bashfulness! I will go and tell her.

MORTIMER.—Mother, there are obstacles you dream not of. I know her; and I know her father. She will not marry without his consent, and his consent I can never get. With all his boasted pretensions to republicanism, he is the proudest man alive. Besides, he is a thorough-bred politician. His whole life has been devoted to politics; and he would sacrifice every thing to his selfish ambition. He will seek to strengthen himself by every family alliance he can make. . . That was my conviction. Under such circumstances, I shrunk from disclosing to her the passion which was the very breath of my life—filling my heart with rapture and at the same time with anguish. Besides, when enjoying the hospitality of her father, when admitted on trust into the bosom of a family, I felt that I was not permitted to do any thing which the head of it would object to. I thought that if I acted otherwise, it would make me unworthy of one so pure, so exalted, so sensitive as to the discharge of every duty imposed upon her. Thus, I kept my secret. But that secret, which was so sedulously concealed from her, did not escape more penetrating eyes. I felt too happy in her presence to have escaped the detection of an experienced observer, who was unfavorable to me, and the consequence was, that, without apparent cause,

and without any reason being assigned to me, I was dismissed from the Eden whose bliss I wish I had never known. Since that day, mother, I have had no rest. The sunshine of hope has now departed for ever, and the gloom of despair has settled over my soul.

GERTRUDE.—[*Wiping her eyes.*]—Alas! I had seen it. I knew there was grief—deep grief in your heart, my son. But can there be no hope?

MORTIMER.—There was hope—a very faint one, it is true; but still it was hope, as welcome to me as the slightest glimmering of the most distant light would be to the bewildered wanderer in darkness. When I was exiled from Henrietta's house, I said to myself: I must acquire fame and political power. Perhaps then her father's opposition might be overcome, and I might be permitted to urge my suit. Clinging to this last chance of future success, I went to two gentlemen, Mr. Gammon and Mr. Randolph, who had known me at the Governor's, and who had shown me some kindness. I was aware they possessed influence with the Executive, and I ventured to claim their good services in support of an application I intended to make for the office of assistant-engineer, which has just become vacant. I thought that such a situation, if obtained, would afford me the opportunity of making myself known throughout the State in a short time, that I might secure friends in every parish where I might be called in the discharge of my duties, and gain that popularity which is the stepping stone to political greatness. Mr. Gammon, on the ground that he was opposing the Governor for the United States Senate, declined acting in my favor. But with Mr. Randolph's assistance, I have succeeded.

GERTRUDE.—Blessed be that noble-hearted gentleman! I always thought he looked like an emperor. But then—cheer up, my son. There is hope—much hope. Your father has . . . what do they call it? . . . political influence too! I will urge him to acquire more—and the Governor, ambitious as

he is, will change his mind, and will think twice on it before he rejects you.

MORTIMER.—It is too late . . . too late, mother. Since I made my application for the office I speak of, I was informed that the Governor had betrothed his daughter to Lovedale, the nephew of Trimsail, thinking thereby to secure his election to the United States Senate.

SCENE V.

Enter JOHN.

JOHN.—[*With a face distorted by agitation.*]—O Lord! What a frightful discovery I have made! You won't blame me any more, I guess, for not minding the business of the family. That you won't, old lady.

GERTRUDE.—[*Alarmed.*]—What is the matter?

MORTIMER.—What is the meaning of all this fuss, John?

JOHN.—Fuss! Fuss indeed! I have saved the old man's life by going out and carrying the note he gave me; and particularly by having my eyes and ears about me. "Look sharp, John, look sharp," my mother, Deborah Nutmeg, used to say, if you wish to get along in this world.

MORTIMER.—[*Impatiently.*]—Will you speak out? Don't you see the fright into which you have thrown my mother? [*To his mother.*] Some idle story, I dare say.

JOHN.—Idle! Look you—idle! It is a thing that never was known in old Connecticut, where I was born. Idle!—Well! very well! I am going to my work, young boss, and won't tell how your father was to be murdered. [*He moves towards the door.*]

GERTRUDE.—[*Taking hold of him.*]—You sha'n't stir a step until you explain what you mean. [*To her son.*] I know the lad is self-willed, dogmatical, and too much addicted to

prating, and to overmeddling with things which concern him not, but, withal, I believe him to be honest and kind-hearted. There must be something true in what he says. He would not thus trifle with my fears . . . and on so serious a subject.

MORTIMER.—[*To John.*]—If you have discovered any villainous plot against my father, I beg you, John, not to lose one minute in communicating it to me, and you may rely on the eternal gratitude

JOHN.—Stop! That is enough. That's the way, look you, to negotiate with a free-born American citizen. No hard words—mind you—but soft sawder and gentle condescension, as my uncle, Sam Slick, used to say. I am easily satisfied, when my rights are respected, but I don't like to be scolded and threatened into any thing—that's a fact. Liberty and equality!—you see. That is the creed of the land.

GERTRUDE.—[*Who had been all this time giving signs of distress and impatience.*]—Gracious heavens! He is going to talk politics!

JOHN.—Well! suppose I do. Politics has a great deal to do with the old man's intended murder, as you will see, madam. I was carrying to Messrs. Wagtail and Turncoat the note which old Boss had given to me to apologize for his not coming to breakfast with them, when, on turning the corner of the street where they live, I saw them sauntering a few steps before me, arm in arm, and talking earnestly, but in a low tone. As they are members of the Legislature, I supposed they were talking about the affairs of the country, and as the affairs of the country are mine also, I thought there would be no impropriety in listening. So that—off went my shoes in a twinkling, and, soft and noiseless as a cat, I crept upon them, just as one was saying to the other, "Old Beckendorf is very late! I hope he won't fail. If he comes, the game is ours—for in half an hour we'll have him stone dead . . . and—" I heard no more—a dizziness came into my head, my hair stood up, I gasped for breath, and could

hardly muster strength enough to glide some distance back. But we Connecticut boys never lose, for more than a minute or two, our presence of mind and our self-possession. So that, when I had cautiously removed myself about a dozen yards from the bloody-minded fiends, I halloed to them. They stopped, and turned round. I walked up to them, with some cold shivering about me, I confess, and delivered the old man's letter. I tell you—they looked blank when they read it—the murderous wretches!

GERTRUDE.—[*Crying and wringing her hands.*]—I knew it would come to this. I knew it all this time. This comes out of his meddling with politics and politicians!

MORTIMER.—There is no cause for such apprehensions, mother. I am sure there can be no design against my father's life. It would be absurd to believe any such thing. John must have misconstrued what he overheard—you may rest convinced that

JOHN.—[*With much impetuosity of manner.*]—Misconstrued! I say that [Checking himself, and aside:] Oh! I see—the young boss is right. I was wrong in disclosing the plan before the old madam. He is for quieting her by putting on this air of incredulity. Well! he is not so raw, after all, for a young Southern chap. I must help him. [To Gertrude.] You see . . . old lady—I may have been deceived. The nose of the acutest man will lead him astray at times, as grandfather Solomon Tip Tip used to say. But you have not listened to the end of my story yet. When I left Messrs. Wagtail and Turncoat, hearing plenty of music, shouting, hurrahing and cheering in the direction of the Harney House, I thought it my duty to ascertain what was going on there, so as to make my report at home. Thus—to the Harney House I went as fast as my feet would carry me. Hallo! What a sight! The street was blocked up with people beating drums, blowing into every sort of instruments, waving flags, and making themselves red in the face,

by calling with fury for Mr. Gammon, who did not seem disposed to come out. At last, there was no resisting the voice of the people, and the gentleman came out in the midst of a thunder-storm of shouts—blushing—simpering—smiling blandly—bowing thus—and putting his hand on his breast thus—whilst the people were bursting their lungs to greet him. I shouted too—and louder than any. I tell you—it was grand. I asked my neighbor in the crowd what all this meant. “Pshaw!” said he with a sneer, “it is a popular demonstration—a trumpery got up by Gammon himself.” I was going to reply, when Mr. Gammon, as if he had heard the fellow, and as it were to give him the lie, thus addressed the meeting from the balcony of the house: “Fellow-citizens, I am overwhelmed with gratitude . . . [*Hurrah! hurrah!*] It was the most earnest wish of my heart to retire for ever into private life . . . But you seem to be opposed to it. [*Yes! yes! we want you as United States Senator.*] Well, my friends, the will of the people, like the decrees of God, must be cheerfully submitted to. [*Hurrah! hurrah!*] I shall be the last man to resist it when clearly expressed. [*Hurrah! Three cheers for Gammon!*] But, fellow-citizens, allow me to make a proposition to you. [*Dead silence.*] By taste and on principle, as a republican, I am opposed to every thing which looks like parade and show. Permit me, therefore, to proceed alone—by myself—to the State House, where the caucus is to meet at noon; and I beg you to transfer the honors and demonstrations of popular favor intended for me to another far more worthy of them than I am—I mean old Beckendorf, one of the most respectable inhabitants of this delightful town. He is one of those, who, like yourselves, have urged, and I may say, compelled me to come forward as a candidate for the United States Senate. He is one of the steadiest and most uncompromising supporters of our cause. [*Hurrah! A waving of hats and flags.*] Go to him—form into a procession with him at your head, and, by paying such

respects to a naturalized citizen, let us give a warning hint to the allied tyrants of Europe." [*Hurrah!*] Such shouting I had never heard before. Even a gang of negroes and black urchins that were close by joined in it. I thought it would have broken every pane of glass in the neighboring houses. But I lost no time, and ran home like a deer to prepare you for what is coming. [*Here, a great deal of noise, shouts, cheers, and the sounds of musical instruments are heard in the distance.*]

MORTIMER.—[*Looking out into the street, at one of the windows.*]—Is it possible! What do I see? Miss Henrietta, the Governor's daughter—in the utmost alarm, and surrounded by a parcel of those shouting devils and drunken rowdies! [*He rushes into the street.*]

SCENE VI.

GERTRUDE.—[*Alarmed.*]—My son! my poor son! what will become of him?

JOHN.—Why—you don't think he runs any danger, do you? Those people are Gammon's men, and young boss is the son of old Beckendorf, Mr. Gammon's friend, ain't he? They will remember that, drunk as they may be. [*Looking out of the window.*] See . . . see . . . how he fumes, and storms among them! This is what I call letting off steam—and they stare at him as if they did not know what he means.

GERTRUDE.—Run to his assistance, John.

JOHN.—He needs none, I guess. Some of the mean fellows are sneaking off already . . . and—well!—that is well . . . he is bowing gracefully to the lady and offering his arm. That is what I call doing the polite thing, and being a gentleman.

GERTRUDE.—Thank God, it is all over! I was afraid of an affray.

JOHN.—[*Still looking out of the window.*]—Funny! decidedly funny! I declare—here is one so drunk, no doubt, that he don't know who it is he is dealing with, and what he himself is about. [*Crying out.*] Hallo! you blockhead!—whisky-pot!—don't you recognize the son of old Beckendorf, Mr. Gammon's friend? Why—I swear—the fellow plants himself right in front of Master Mortimer, and squares as if for a boxing-match. [*Shouting.*] Knock the villain down, young boss, the law is on your side. Served him right!—Hurrah! young boss has knocked him down. [*Leaning out of the window.*] O! O! take care, young lady—don't faint—going—going—gone!—she has fainted. [*Whilst John is thus speaking, Gertrude exhibits the greatest alarm, and rushes into the street at last.*] Young boss is supporting her. [*Turning round.*] Don't be alarmed, old madam; there is no danger, I tell you. Ah! where is she? gone? . . . [*Looking out again into the street.*] Oh! oh! there she is—faith! that is what I call a complication of circumstances—young lady in a swoon—young boss carrying her off—and old lady crying and sobbing. What a sight! Here they come.

SCENE VII.

[*Enter GERTRUDE and MORTIMER carrying HENRIETTA.*]

GERTRUDE.—Help! help! Come along, John. I'll send you with a note to fetch the doctor, who lives, you know, just on the outskirts of the town, and I'll rummage my chest for a cordial, which, on such occasions, never fails to have miraculous effects. Come—quick. [*Exit.*]

JOHN.—[*Follows her—but stopping at the threshold of the door, looks back at Mortimer and Henrietta. Mortimer is*

knocking before the sofa on which he has deposited Henrietta, and is trying to cause her to revive.—Cordial!—she needs none. Young ladies are used to fainting, and uncle Sam Slick always said there never was one of them who ever died of it.

MORTIMER.—[*Rubbing and fondling Henrietta's hands.*]—She revives! she revives! [*Seeing John, who is staring at them.*] What are you doing there? Get you gone!

JOHN.—Thank you, sir. [*Apart.*] Exactly what I want! An excellent pretext to get into the street! To be sure, I will get myself gone, as you say. First, I'll take the madam's note for the physician; next, instead of carrying it—considering that the patient will recover before I get there . . . I'll join the procession . . . and lead the folks here in no time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.

HENRIETTA.—[*Half recovering from her swoon.*]—Save me!—Take me home!—Drive away that horrid-looking ruffian! What have I done him? Why does he attack me?

MORTIMER.—[*Timidly, and with tenderness.*]—You are in safety—fear nothing.

HENRIETTA.—That voice! . . . Is it you, Mr. Mortimer? [*Extending her hand to him.*] Is it you, my good friend?

MORTIMER.—Yes . . . I—the happiest of men! . . . since I see you again—since I could afford you some protection, trifling as it was . . . and an asylum, which, unworthy of you as it is, becomes to me more precious than a palace, when it is sanctified by your presence.

HENRIETTA.—[*With a smile, and bowing in acknowledgment of the compliment.*]—But where am I?

MORTIMER.—In my mother's house. She has just left us

to send for a physician, and to get some cordial which she thought you would want.

HENRIETTA.—Many thanks for her kindness and for yours. I am now perfectly recovered from my silly fright. But I do not regret it, since it has put me under so great an obligation to you ; and, whatever misunderstanding may have lately arisen between you and my father, I am sure he will feel deeply the service you have rendered me to-day, and gladly acknowledge his indebtedness to you on this occasion.

MORTIMER.—[*With vivacity.*]—I have done nothing which deserves his acknowledgments ; but had I claims on your father's gratitude, I would free from the discharge of such a debt one who has driven me from his house, because he had discovered a secret which, at the expense of many a pang of the keenest anguish, I kept to myself, not to give him offence, and who grudged me the scanty enjoyment of the respectful and silent admiration. . . .

HENRIETTA.—[*Hastening to interrupt him.*]—My father esteems you highly, Mr. Mortimer.

MORTIMER.—[*Bitterly.*]—Ay—he esteems—but crushes. I have indeed a right to command that esteem, and on good ground, I believe, the least of which is the seal I put on the lips of my heart as long as I was under his roof. Yea, whilst I enjoyed his hospitality, I could not permit myself to do what I knew would not meet his approbation. That he must have seen, and he must have measured the effort it cost me ! But since I am now no longer under the same restraint, and before bidding a last farewell to my aged parents, whose hearts I am going to break—before dooming myself to die perhaps far away from all I hold dear, and at the risk of incurring your displeasure, or even the mortification of a contemptuous rebuke, I will speak ! and you must, before we part for ever, know the extent of what I have suffered, and hear what I have forced myself to conceal with so much in-

ward tortured. In the extremity of despair there is a boldness which urges the most timid to

HENRIETTA.—Mr. Mortimer! for my sake for yours, forbear to

MORTIMER.—[*Passionately.*]—You must, you shall know that soul-tormenting secret—you must hear the expression of a sentiment which

HENRIETTA.—[*With great emotion.*]—Do I not know it? Are there not sentiments, Mr. Mortimer, which, before they are spoken, are understood by a sympathizing heart!

MORTIMER.—[*In a transport of joy.*]—O, supreme felicity! is it possible that

HENRIETTA.—[*With mild dignity.*]—No more on this subject, my much valued friend. But believe me. . . I understood it all—your feelings—your silence—its motives. I admired your generosity, your delicacy. I felt grateful to you for it; and you see how frankly I acknowledge your claims to my regard, to my gratitude. You will increase it by submitting with resignation, like myself, to the accomplishment of what duty requires.

MORTIMER.—Duty!

HENRIETTA.—Ay, duty! what it requires of *me* at least—a sacred duty imposed on me not to marry without my father's consent. On her death bed, my sainted mother made me swear to be guided altogether by the will of my father in the choice of a husband. He has lately bid me to remember that—shall I say—fatal oath. I, a weak woman, will do my duty. Will you not have more fortitude than one of my sex? Let your proud soul rise above despair. . . and since, in obedience to a father's will, I must marry another

MORTIMER.—[*Impetuously.*]—By heaven! since you love me, I will dispute you against the whole world. But who comes?

SCENE IX.

WHILST GERTRUDE ENTERS FROM AN INNER APARTMENT ON THE LEFT, RANDOLPH ENTERS FROM THE MAIN DOOR AT THE FURTHER END OF THE STAGE. HE STOPS AFTER ADVANCING A STEP OR TWO, AND SURVEYS THE SCENE, WITHOUT BEING SEEN BY THE OTHER ACTORS.

GERTRUDE.—[*Hurriedly.*]—I have despatched John for a physician, and here is, at last, that famous cordial which I had mislaid, and could not find in the hurry of the moment.

HENRIETTA.—It is no longer wanted, my dear madam. I am well—very well indeed. Please to accept my thanks for your kindness, and my apology for the trouble I have put you to.

GERTRUDE.—No trouble at all. There is nothing I would not do with all my heart for one whom my son has taught me to appreciate, to respect, and to love, so much as Miss Henrietta.

HENRIETTA.—I am grateful to Mr. Mortimer for this manifestation of his good will; and allow me to say that I rejoice at this opportunity of offering my respects to the mother of a much esteemed friend.

RANDOLPH.—[*Stepping forward and saluting the whole company.*]—Miss Henrietta, here? I confess my surprise at the very unexpected pleasure . . .

MORTIMER.—[*Eagerly.*]—I happened to be looking into the street from that window, when, seeing Miss Henrietta frightened at some drunken fellows she had met . . .

RANDOLPH.—[*Smiling.*]—Nothing more natural . . . and requiring less explanation, my good sir.

MORTIMER.—[*With some confusion.*]—Certainly . . . certainly . . . I wanted only to . . .

RANDOLPH.—[*With a wave of the hand.*]—Right . . . it is

all right . . . of course.—[*Looking keenly at Mortimer and Henrietta, who shrink from his gaze and bend their eyes down, he says with a light tone :*]—A fair lady in danger—a knight to the rescue! It seems to me that I have read something like it in the land of romance.

MORTIMER.—[*Anxious to give another turn to the conversation.*]—But, Mr. Randolph, have you also been driven by the Lords of the street to take refuge in our humble house?

RANDOLPH.—You forget, my young friend, that I had promised you to bring, this morning, your commission as assistant engineer.—[*Draws it from his coat pocket and presents it.*]—Here it is—my word is redeemed.—[*With emphasis, and glancing at Miss Henrietta.*]—May all your other wishes be as easily gratified!

MORTIMER.—You are a friend indeed! Command me for ever.

RANDOLPH.—[*Turning to Gertrude.*]—And I have also come, madam, to witness, for my own gratification, all the honors which are to be paid, so deservedly, to your husband—who

GERTRUDE.—[*Abruptly.*]—Thank you, sir; but I would much prefer it, if he possessed your well known indifference to politics.

RANDOLPH.—Those who, like my friend Mr. Beckendorf, have such a hold on the affections and confidence of their fellow citizens are public property, madam, and cannot refuse to give their time and labors to the country. I assure you that I willingly join those who are desirous to manifest their appreciation of your husband's services, and I have only preceded by a few minutes the enthusiastic procession of the people. It will soon be here.

GERTRUDE.—No subject of gratulation to me, I assure you! [*Aside.*] Is that one turning politician also, and coining soft words! I hope not, for I should be sorry to lose the consideration I had for the man.

HENRIETTA.—I see that I must lose no time in returning home. I was imprudent in coming out to-day amidst all this turmoil.

GERTRUDE.—My son will lead you through a back passage into the next street, where there is less confusion than in this one.

MORTIMER.—[*Offering his arm.*]—I shall be happy, Miss Henrietta, to take care that you reach safely the Governor's house. [*They take leave of the company, and go out.*]

RANDOLPH.—[*Aside.*]—There go Romeo and Juliet, and here comes Cardinal Wolsey, puffed up with ambition and self-consequence. . . . Beer and ale for ever!

GERTRUDE.—What say, sir?

RANDOLPH.—I say, madam, that here comes Mr. Beckendorf with the members of the Committee of Arrangements, who have been sent to prepare him for the procession.

SCENE X.

[*Enter BECKENDORF and the COMMITTEE, adorned with blue ribbons, and cockades and other devices.*]

BECKENDORF.—Yes, my friends, yes. I will use my influence in favor of that upright and talented patriot, Joe Gammon; and that influence shall not be, I may venture to say, without its effect. I will in the caucus insist upon his claims, his services, his disinterestedness, his ever straightforward, open, and manly course. With regard to the honor which you intend to do me by putting me at the head of your procession . . . and which the full consciousness of my unworthiness compels me to refuse, so far as I am concerned. . . .

GERTRUDE.—[*Aside.*]—Thank God! he declines.

BECKENDORF.—I accept it—not on my account, of course, but for the sake of our noble-hearted friend, Joe Gammon—

for the sake of our sacred cause—for the interest of the people—and with a view to the favorable effect it will produce. I am now ready to join the procession—to lead this popular demonstration. As to yourselves, gentlemen of the committee, I hope that you will do me the favor of dining here to-day with me—to celebrate the victory which, before an hour is over, our friend Gammon shall gain over his opponents. I invite you all [*bowing to all the company present,*] to taste, at four o'clock, the finest hock that ever came to Louisiana.

MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE.—Hurrah for Beckendorf—our great leader! Hurrah for Beckendorf—the people's favorite! [*They go out shouting, which shouts are responded to at a distance.*]

BECKENDORF.—[*Choking with emotion.*—Our great leader! you have heard it, wife!—the people's favorite!—You can't say that I put the word in their mouths. This is the beginning of the wide public career opening before me. What an honor for our house, for my son! I am glad of it, on his account. It will elevate his position in society . . . I'll bequeath a name to him, I will—you'll see. Well now, Mrs. Beckendorf, was I really so presumptuous as you thought me, when I dared write to the President of the United States on German politics. Suppose he now saw what is going on, eh! Would he agree with you that I am fit only to measure beer by the gallon?

GETRUDE.—[*With anxiety.*—Sit down, Mr. Beckendorf—sit down. You are too much excited—you'll fall sick. This may bring on one of those apoplectic fits you are liable to.

BECKENDORF.—[*Wiping his forehead.*—Fiddlesticks! This is a day of triumph, my dear! Who ever was sick on such an occasion! Why—wife, if I were in my grave—I would jump out of it—thus to march forward at the head of the people as the emblematic banner of republican sovereignty—thus to make a United States Senator—and thus to show to

the powers that be in Washington, that old Beckendorf of Baton Rouge has also got a little power of his own in a small way. [*Rubbing his hands in high glee.*] Hey! hey! wife—hey! hey! I am the rising sun, you see. [*With increasing exultation.*] Some there are already who begin to bend the neck in humble worship of—[*Discovering Randolph, who, at the beginning of this scene, had retreated to the further end of the stage.*] Ah! Mr. Randolph here! I beg your pardon, sir—I was not aware of your presence. I am so absorbed by public business. . . [*With a certain tone of protection.*] What can I do for you, sir? You know my regard for you—my influence is at your service—what do you want?

RANDOLPH.—[*With cold dignity.*]—Only a barrel of your best beer, Mr. Beckendorf.

BECKENDORF.—[*Put out of countenance.*]—Oh! well . . . very well! . . . Is that all? . . . At this time . . . I can hardly, as you see, show you any samples . . . My wife will attend to these minute details—excuse me . . . but you know that, at present, the public interest requires all my thoughts. Besides, I am going to leave off the trade. [*To Mrs. Beckendorf.*] Wife!—have in the parlor above, glasses ready, and lay before Mr. Randolph our different kinds of home-brewed stuff. Home-brewed, Mr. Randolph! for I have become so much of an American, that I import only my Rhenish wines.

RANDOLPH.—[*To Gertrude.*]—I will follow you presently, madam.

BECKENDORF.—[*To Gertrude who is going up the staircase.*]—Mind, my dear. Do not forget to prepare a glorious dinner—a dinner worthy of commemorating our friend Gammon's election to the Senate of the United States. [*With peculiar emphasis.*] A dinner worthy of our future position in society. Remember to get out my best Rhenish wine. [*Pointing to the door under the staircase.*] That which I

keep under ground—in that deep cellar—to preserve it ever cool and nice.

GERTRUDE.—[*On the staircase—impatiently.*]—Do you think I can attend to every thing? I have very little time to spare. I am no politician, to be idling away.

BECKENDORF.—Well! Well! Don't get angry, wife, I'll attend to it, myself, before going out.

[*Exit GERTRUDE.*]

SCENE XI.

[*Enter TURNCOAT and WAGTAIL. BECKENDORF stares at them with surprise.*]

WAGTAIL.—So—Mr. Beckendorf—you have disappointed us! Allow me to say it was a poor excuse you sent us. You would have had plenty of time to breakfast with us, and return home to meet . . . [*with a slight sneer*] the honors which expect you. People must breakfast somewhere or other—we take it for granted—and—

BECKENDORF.—[*With a tone of boastful importance.*]—Why, gentlemen, to tell you the truth, my house has been full of people the whole morning, and I have scarcely had time to swallow . . .

TURNCOAT.—A hasty plate of soup!

BECKENDORF.—No! a hasty plate of sour-crout and a cup of coffee. But, gentlemen, I am glad you have come. I was going down my cellar to draw out some old wine, which you will taste. [*Meaningly to Wagtail and Turncoat.*] It is pure unadulterated stuff; no deleterious drugs in it, I assure you. You can drink it without peril to your health. [*He walks towards the door of the cellar under the staircase.*]

RANDOLPH.—Why—is that the door of a cellar? it looks

like the door of an iron safe. I thought it was there you kept your valuables in the shape of hard coined gold eagles, promissory notes, and other paraphernalia.

BECKENDORF.—[*With a smile of self-complacency.*]—So do I keep here my valuables—but they are wines and choice beer. Are these objects not precious, and do they not deserve to come under the head of *valuables*? [*The gentlemen nod assent.*] As to this door, of which I alone keep the key, and which you compare to that of an iron safe—[*opening it*]—the comparison is a right one, as you see . . . four inches thick! [*tapping on it*]—and at a certain distance below, there is another—just alike. The object of it is not so much security, as keeping off the hot external air from the cellar—which extends pretty far under ground, I tell you—and which is made strong with solid masonry. That is the way in old Germany, and I have found it to answer here; for in Baton Rouge we have cellars, and are better off than in New Orleans, where you can't dig one foot deep without danger of getting drowned. [*Laughing.*] Excuse the jest, gentlemen, and excuse also my absence for a few minutes. [*Enters the cellar.*]

TURNCOAT.—[*Goes to the entrance of the cellar to ascertain if he can't be overheard by Beckendorf, and striding rapidly back to Randolph, says:*]—We are ruined if that fellow goes to the caucus. Then the Governor is beaten, and Gammon is elected. You know Gammon full well, although you care not for politics, and stand aloof. That unprincipled rascal, who grasps without scruple at every means of success, however foul they may be, after having got Tubfull, the member from St. Tammany, beastly drunk—after having lovingly paraded with him in the streets, has succeeded in persuading him that his wife and children are very sick at home, and has shipped him on board of a steamboat that happened to pass, just in the very nick of time . . . and . . . Dame Rumor says Tubfull is so convinced of the sickness of his wife and

children, and of their wanting every possible attendance, that he has taken along with him as nurses, six strong, athletic and likely-looking negroes presented to him by his generous friend, Joe Gammon; so that, the vote in the caucus will thus stand: 35 for Gammon; 34 for the Governor; yours in blank, and 15 for Tagrag. Thus Gammon is elected! By Jupiter, what is to be done? [*Shouts and music are heard in the distance.*]—and here comes the procession. There is no remedy—it is too late.

RANDOLPH.—Well, what do I care? What have I to do with your schemes and counter-schemes? [*Casting a look at the door of the cellar.*] What a singular, truly German square-toe idea, that of putting two such doos to a cellar! I cannot but think it dangerous; for, suppose the wind or some other cause should close them, one might be caught as in a trap, and, what is worse, one might crack one's lungs without being overheard. [*The music is heard approaching.*]

WAGTAIL.—[*Striking his forehead.*]—What a lucky idea, Randolph! We are saved. [*He runs to the cellar, enters it, and reappears, showing the key of the inside door with a look of triumph. Then putting his hand on the outside door, and looking at Randolph, he says:*] This dotard must not be allowed to come out. [*Pushing the door, and remaining with the hand on the key which is in the lock.*] He is now worth to Gammon his weight in gold . . . he is a jewel.

RANDOLPH.—[*With a peculiar smile.*]—And jewels are kept under double lock and key.

WAGTAIL.—[*Turning the key, and putting it in his pocket.*] It is done.

RANDOLPH.—[*In a serious and dignified tone.*]—This, gentlemen, you may look upon as a good joke; but I wish you to understand that I discountenance such a proceeding—and take no part in it. But, after all, it is no concern of mine, you will say, and therefore I wash my hands of it.

SCENE XII.

JOHN.—[*Entering with great haste, and breathless.*]—Here they come—Here they are. It is truly magnificent. Hurrah! Hurrah for the everlasting Yankee nation! [*The head of the procession comes on the stage with drums, musical instruments, banners, devices, inscriptions, and occupies the back part of the stage. John continuing to walk across the stage with much agitation.*] Where is old Boss? [*Hallooing.*] Mr. Beckendorf! Mr. Beckendorf! [*Goes up the staircase.*] Hallo! old Boss! Come down; the people are waiting for you: hallo! Do you hear?

GERTRUDE.—[*Appearing at the top of the staircase.*]—What is the matter? What is this noise for? Will you pull down the house with your bellowing?

JOHN.—I am bellowing, if bellowing there be, after our leader—the people's favorite. The people, do you hear, wants old Beckendorf—and the people is to be obeyed.

GERTRUDE.—Well! he is below, somewhere. Let the people find him.

JOHN.—No, he is not down here. I have looked for him everywhere below. He is above.

GERTRUDE.—He is below.

JOHN.—I tell you no! no! he must be above. [*Hallooing.*] Old Boss! [*The procession on the stage and off the stage cry out, Hurrah for Beckendorf! Hurrah for our leader! Three cheers for Gammon!*] And the old man is not here! Great God! will the people be kept waiting? They will become impatient, sure. [*To some black servants who make their appearance.*] Look you, blackies, where is your master? Have you murdered him? Find him, by Jimmy, or you will swing for it. [*The people outside: Beckendorf! Beckendorf!*]

Let him show himself at the window. We want a speech—a speech!] [*John shows himself at the window.*] A little patience . . . he is coming, gentlemen—he is coming. [*Outside:* That is right—bring out the old fox, Johnny—bring him out. He is too modest and coy for an old maid.] Where is he? Where can he be? The people, when they get together, have not much patience. I know the temper of this excitable, everlasting Yankee nation. They will mob the house if the old man don't come out. That they will.

BLACK BOY.—[*Coming from one direction in hot haste.*]—Can't find master.

OTHER BLACK BOY.—[*Rushing in from another direction.*]—Massa must have run away.

JOHN.—[*Shaking his fist at them.*]—You woolly-headed scoundrels, when I have time I'll walk into you, I will!

PEOPLE.—[*On the stage and outside.*]—Beckendorf! Beckendorf! three cheers for him! three cheers for Gammon!

JOHN.—Who ever saw the like of this? Has the old man been kidnapped? A mist comes over my eyes—I see nothing. My blood boils and rushes up to my head—I feel bursting. The people are losing their patience fast, I know. After shouting cheers, they will soon be giving groans, and the old man will lose his popularity—and he will remain on the shelf all his lifetime—whilst, if he rises—I rise too—I, John Tobias Nutmeg—for I'll stick to his coat-tail fast enough.

GERTRUDE.—[*Reappearing at the top of the staircase.*]—He must, on reconsideration, have preferred going to the State House privately and without all this parade.

JOHN.—[*Hastily.*]—Not he! Lord! He has got too much sense for that; he is too good a republican thus to balk the people. He would have liked to have enjoyed the fun as well as anybody. [*Aside.*] I suspect foul play. [*Looking round, he perceives Wagtail and Turncoat, who, with Randolph, when the crowd had come on the stage, had retired to a*

corner of it and remained there, apparently in earnest conversation. He walks up to them, and recognizing Turncoat and Wagtail, he looks terror-struck, and exclaims :] The mystery is explained. Here are the murderers. Help! seize them. Where is the old man, my sweethearts, eh? I overheard you—mind—when I delivered the letter. You wanted then to get rid of the honest old man. You have got rid of him now. But [*laying hold of them.*] you'll answer for it. It is I who tell you so—I, John Tobias Nutmeg, of Slickville, Connecticut!

[WAGTAIL and TURNCOAT shaking him off.]

WAGTAIL.—Beware, madman!

TURNCOAT.—Hands off, infernal blockhead!

GERTRUDE.—[*Running down the staircase.*]—The fact is that I left my husband in this room just now, and it is a mystery how. . . .

WAGTAIL.—I assure you, madam, that a minute or two after we had come in, Mr. Beckendorf went out of this room.

TURNCOAT.—I will swear to it, and Mr. Randolph saw him when he left us.

GERTRUDE.—[*With evident satisfaction.*]—Then he must have gone by the back way to the State House, to avoid all this foolish parade. I am glad of it—very glad. Gentlemen, excuse me, I must attend to business.—[*She courtesies to them and goes out.*]

JOHN.—[*Aside.*]—That's queer! I never could have supposed him so modest—so very modest as that—no how.

RANDOLPH.—[*Addressing the assembly.*]—If Mrs. Beckendorf's supposition be correct, had we not better proceed immediately to the State House? It is twelve—the hour fixed for holding the caucus.

[*They all cry: Let us go! let us go! The music strikes, and the procession moves on with all sorts of shouts inside and outside. It is followed by Wagtail and Turncoat arm*

in arm, and chuckling at their success. John comes next—eyeing Wagtail and Turncoat suspiciously.]

RANDOLPH.—*[Alone—musingly.]*—And so there will be, this morning, no choice by the caucus. Tubfull is *sent* home. *[Expressing with the thumb and index the payment of money.]* Beckendorf is *kept* home. *[Making the sign of turning the key.]* Thus, the vote will be: 34 for Governor; do. for Gammon; 15 for Tagrag; and my vote in blank. Well! well! my two worthy friends and political gamblers have no right to complain. The game is kept even between them, and they are both fairly checkmated for the present.

[Exit.]

Act Third.

SCENE I.

AT THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.—LOVEDALE, HENRIETTA.

HENRIETTA.—Is there any thing new, Mr. Lovedale? My father seems highly displeased. There appears to be some cause of excitement. What does it signify?

LOVEDALE.—Nothing very particular.

HENRIETTA.—I beg your pardon. My father has shut himself up in his closet, and has sent for Messrs. Trimsail, Wagtail, Turncoat, and some others of his friends. He seems more agitated and more seriously concerned than would warrant, I should think, any occurrence of a merely political nature.

LOVEDALE.—I can't imagine what it is, except his disappointment at the result of the caucus, which met, you know, at twelve o'clock, and in which he expected to get the majority. But it has turned out to be a drawn game of chess between him and Gammon, 34 to 34. Gammon had entrapped away one of the Governor's friends, and the Governor had returned the compliment, it seems, by kidnapping one of Gammon's supporters and pillars of strength, so that they have shown themselves fairly matched, and worthy of being pitted against one another. Bonaparte and Wellington, faith! Who is to be the victor, time will show.

HENRIETTA.—I know that my father, unfortunately, takes but too deep an interest in politics, and that a seat in the United States Senate he would hold as dear to him as life. [*Mournfully.*] I know what sacrifices he would make to obtain it. But still I am convinced that he would not resort to the very extraordinary means you have alluded to. Kidnapping! Did you say—kidnapping, Mr. Lovedale?

LOVEDALE.—[*With some degree of embarrassment.*]—Merely as a sort of figure of speech. I mean no criminal and violent abduction, of course, but the application of gentle persuasion—some jocular contrivance, or diplomatic stratagem, or something of the kind, to keep out of the way one that is troublesome—no violation of law whatever—nothing which may possibly fall within the range of any penal statute—nothing that could expose one to an indictment. After all, it is a mere idle rumor that is circulated by mischievous persons.

HENRIETTA.—[*With indignation.*]—And I hope, sir, you will give it the most direct contradiction.

LOVEDALE.—You attach too much importance to what the people think very lightly of, I assure you. Should the rumor which I have mentioned prove true, the Governor, I have no doubt, would be rather admired than blamed, particularly in case of *success*. Political morality is an obsolete idea. It would be just as much out of place now-a-days as the fashion in which our great-grandfathers used to dress—powdered wigs, knee-buckles, and short breeches.

HENRIETTA.—Hist! I hear a noise.

LOVEDALE.—What is it?

HENRIETTA.—I thought I heard some distant noise—some clamors. May there not be some popular disturbance—a riot?

LOVEDALE.—A riot! poh! to what purpose? No, no, perhaps some pugilistic encounter between two drunken gutter politicians—one of Gammon's, and one of the Governor's friends—settling their difference of opinion at the door of

some grog-shop ; for we politicians must have friends everywhere, and the lowest are not the worst.

HENRIETTA.—How shocking! I wish the election over; it keeps me in the most nervous state of apprehension.

LOVEDALE.—[*Sneeringly.*]—Why? I hope you don't grudge the people the right of knocking one another on the head, according to their whim or caprice. This is a free country. Besides, election days are holidays—a privileged time for getting drunk—earning an honest penny—indulging in some little pot-luck speculations, and raising the committee of ways and means for household purposes. You must make yourself familiar with these things, particularly as you are to be the wife of a politician, Henry Lovedale, your humble servant and sincere admirer. But let us talk of our marriage, which is to take place shortly after this election is over. Let us talk of our future happiness, and let us hope that it is not to be for ever retarded by an eternal caucus balloting. [*Noise in the distance.*] Ah! you were right, Miss Henrietta. I hear a good deal of noise. What can be the matter? It sounds like the angry tones of an excited multitude.

HENRIETTA.—Indeed—the streets are no longer safe. I am glad my father is at home. This small town is so crowded with individuals, who seem to have come purposely for this election, from every part of the State! What an excitement! How can the election of a United States Senator produce any thing like it? One would think that the very existence of the State is at stake.

LOVEDALE.—I will borrow a phrase from Hamlet, to answer you:—"There are more things under heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

HENRIETTA.—There are many things that my philosophy does not care about, I assure you—but, this morning, it was severely put to the test; for I was greatly alarmed and almost assaulted by drunken ruffians—and if it had not been for the assistance of Mr. Mortimer . . .

LOVEDALE.—Is it possible ?

HENRIETTA.—Who protected and accompanied me home . .

LOVEDALE.—Mr. Mortimer ! How did he dare do any such thing ! How came he to fancy himself the right to protect you ! Presumptuous coxcomb ! He had better show himself capable of protecting his own father, before extending his protection out of his family circle.

HENRIETTA.—His father ! Mr. Mortimer's father ! What has happened to him ?

LOVEDALE.—Why—Gammon, having seduced away one of the Governor's friends, the Honorable Tubfull, of St. Tammany, would have been elected at the caucus which took place to-day, at twelve o'clock, if old Beckendorf, who was to head the procession got up by Gammon, had not mysteriously disappeared—so that the ballot thus stood : 34 for Governor ; 34 for Gammon, instead of 35, as was expected—and after many ballots with the same result—34 for Gammon—34 for the Governor—15 for Tagrag—and Mr. Randolph's eternal blank vote, the caucus adjourned until this evening at eight ; and the Governor, having profited by Beckendorf's disappearance, is supposed to have had a hand in it.

HENRIETTA.—[*With much warmth.*]—I hope you do not believe any such thing, Mr. Lovedale.

LOVEDALE.—No. But suppose I did. I would not blame the Governor ; it would be tit for tat—and all right.

HENRIETTA.—Can such things be ? [*A repetition of the noise.*] Again this noise ! But here is your uncle Trimsail. He will explain all this mystery.

SCENE II.

[*Enter TRIMSAIL.*]

HENRIETTA.—Speak, Mr. Trimsail—what is the matter ?

TRIMSAIL.—Almost an insurrection—faith !

HENRIETTA.—An insurrection!—of negroes?

TRIMSAIL.—No—of whites—in this hitherto exemplary, quiet town.

LOVEDALE.—This is a strange piece of news, uncle. How can that be?

TRIMSAIL.—That half cracked—harum scarum Yankee boy—John Tobias Nutmeg—has been running all over the town—accusing Wagtail and Turncoat of having murdered or kidnapped old Beckendorf. He swears he heard them plan it; he has got together all the men employed by Beckendorf; filled them to the brim with his wild cock-a-bull stories, and goaded them into a rage. All the low and evil disposed people about the town have joined them, and threatened to march upon the Governor's house, to ascertain if the old German is not therein locked up in some dark corner, and kept in durance vile.

HENRIETTA.—Can any thing so absurd have taken possession of any body's brains, much less be believed by a number of people?

TRIMSAIL.—The more absurd the story, the sooner believed: such is human nature. But it is supposed that some deep plotter is at the bottom of it, and is skilfully seizing on this opportunity as a windfall, in order to ruin the Governor and destroy his chances of election.

LOVEDALE.—[*With a tone of self-complacency, and striking his nose with his index.*]—Not so bad!—not so bad! I declare. A good move—decidedly, a good move—Gammon's, I dare say. I see through it—I smell the old politician.

HENRIETTA.—But this is incredible, gentlemen. Mr. Trimsail, please go and address those deluded and ignorant people. Tell them that they are offering the most uncalled-for insult to one of their fellow-citizens, by harboring in their minds, even for a minute, a supposition which has no ground at all to rest upon. Tell them that they forget what

is due to themselves—to the dignity of the State—when they outrage its chief magistrate.

TRIMSAIL.—[*Embarrassed.*]—My presence among them would do more harm than good. I am known to be intimate with Turncoat and Wagtail, who are suspected of being the Governor's agents in this affair. I would therefore compromise myself for nothing.

HENRIETTA.—But you, Mr. Lovedale, you have no such grounds of excuse. Besides, you are now almost a member of our family, and it becomes you therefore to . . .

LOVEDALE.—[*Falteringly, and stammering with confusion.*]—I beg your pardon . . . I can't interfere. I am the nephew of my uncle there . . . who has just mentioned to you his intimacy with Wagtail and Turncoat—and my uncle's friends will be supposed to be mine! Why should I put my popularity to any hazard?

HENRIETTA.—But, sir, you will not permit those people to come here? Surely you will not.

LOVEDALE.—[*Put out of countenance.*]—Certainly not; some ways and means must be devised—but I am taken by surprise—really, I don't know what to do. Thank God! here is Mr. Randolph; he is always ready with good suggestions on every emergency.

TRIMSAIL.—Besides, he has no political aspirations—no reason to humor the people one way or the other—nothing to gain or lose—the right sort of man to send to them on such an occasion.

SCENE III.

[*Enter RANDOLPH.*]

LOVEDALE.—We are happy to see you, indeed, Mr. Randolph. I hope you bring us good news—news that will quiet Miss Henrietta's alarms. . . .

RANDOLPH.—[*With a lurking sneer.*]—In which you must have your full share, no doubt—as every lover's pulse throbs in unison with that of the being he adores. [*Turning round to Trimsail.*] Oh! is that you, Colonel Trimsail?

TRIMSAIL.—I have come in haste to give the Governor timely information of what is going on, and of what he has to fear from the ferment existing in the town against him.

RANDOLPH.—I am just from his closet, where a number of his friends have met.

LOVEDALE.—What has been decided upon?

RANDOLPH.—There had been a great deal of talking, but no definitive resolution adopted, when I left. Words—words, and no agreement as to any particular course of action, as is generally the case on such occasions.

LOVEDALE.—This is what I call a deplorable want of energy. I should think there is no longer any time left for deliberation. [*Noise heard in the street.*] Really, something must be done, and promptly.

RANDOLPH.—Well! What is to be done? There are two companies of the United States troops in garrison here. Do you advise that they be called out to quell the riot?

LOVEDALE.—God forbid! It would ruin us all, and the party too in the State. The popularity of no man could withstand the consequence of shedding one drop of the blood of the people by the regulars.

TRIMSAIL.—Besides, we belong to the State Rights wing of the party, and, whatever be the emergency, we must take care how we rely on the arm of the federal government.

HENRIETTA.—But you, Mr. Randolph—what would you advise?

RANDOLPH.—I would advise to do—nothing.

HENRIETTA, TRIMSAIL, AND LOVEDALE.—Nothing!

RANDOLPH.—Yes. Let things take their course—they regulate themselves in the end. It is often the best policy to know when to fold one's arms and wait.

LOVEDALE.—Perhaps it is after all the wisest course ; for, when the people shall have threatened and clamored to their hearts' content

RANDOLPH.—Then they will get tired of it, and be quiet again.

LOVEDALE.—Exactly what I was going to say.

TRIMSAIL.—But should they mob the house ?

RANDOLPH.—Why should they ? Open all the doors when they come—shake hands with them—broach two or three barrels of brandy, whisky and beer—and ten to one, if they come in discontented and groaning—they will go out satisfied and shouting.

LOVEDALE.—But they are greatly excited, and may pelt down the house with brickbats.

RANDOLPH.—In that case I would advise the Governor to come out—to put himself at the head of the rioters, and to pelt his own house with more ardor than the wildest of them all. That would bring them to their senses.

HENRIETTA.—There is wit, and good sense too, in the advice. After all, let them examine every part of the house. This is the best thing they can do for my father, and it will convince them that old Mr. Beckendorf is not secreted here, and demonstrate to them the gross absurdity of the story they have believed in.

SCENE IV.

[*Enter* GOVERNOR.]

GOVERNOR.—Don't be alarmed, Henrietta. Let the people come, I am prepared for them.

HENRIETTA.—I am happy to hear it. I was sure, father, that you could give an easy and satisfactory explanation of this affair.

GOVERNOR.—To be sure—to be sure. Wagtail knows what has become of old Beckendorf, and will tell the people where he is.

TRIMSAIL.—Ho! ho!

RANDOLPH.—[*Aside.*]—The devil he will!

GOVERNOR.—And he will demonstrate that neither I nor any of my friends had any share in what has happened.

RANDOLPH.—[*With a smile, to himself.*]—This promises to be amusing. The fellow must have some ingenuity after all.

TRIMSAIL.—[*Aside.*]—He must have more brass than a ten-pounder. [*To the Governor.*] I am overjoyed at the turn which this untoward event now takes. I am happy to hear that the infamous suspicions so maliciously raised against you will be so soon set aside.

GOVERNOR.—Annihilated! completely so. But another cause of anxiety remains. Old Beckendorf will soon make his appearance . . . and . . . and . . . the caucus, you know, meets again at eight o'clock this evening, and Gammon is sure to be elected by that vote.

TRIMSAIL.—It is on this subject I wish to entertain you confidentially, Governor.

[*Randolph and Henrietta, who, during the preceding dialogue had moved off and had been conversing together, now approach the other actors.*]

HENRIETTA.—Father, I leave you, and retire into my apartment. I feel that I need some rest.

GOVERNOR.—Do so—but please to come back as soon as possible, Henrietta, for I wish to have some private conversation with you.

LOVEDALE.—[*Presenting his hand.*]—Allow me, Miss Henrietta, to accompany you to the door of your apartment. [*To the Governor.*] Then I will step out awhile, to see what is going on, and report on the movements of the enemy. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

RANDOLPH.—I am going to your library, Governor, and shall remain there until it be time to show myself by your side, and to meet your accusers and the grand jury of the people, who seem, by the by, to have formed themselves into a boisterous one, to try summarily this important case. [*With mock gravity.*] Should you be compelled to plead guilty or not guilty before Judge Lynch, I am determined to have myself appointed by the court for your defence. [*Walks towards the door as if to go out.*]

TRIMSAIL.—You are not going out, Mr. Randolph? The Governor and myself have no secrets for you.

GOVERNOR.—Yes—stay, by all means, Randolph. We want, if possible, to compel you, one day or other, to take some active part in politics.

RANDOLPH.—If it be your intention, I defy you to succeed. But I shall remain, since you will have it so, in order that, by familiarizing myself with all your petty anxieties, your miserable intrigues and catch-penny diplomacy, I may confirm myself in what *you* call my indolence—my culpable indifference—but what *I* call my wise and just aversion for the life you are so fond of. Politics! . . . fie! . . . and lilliputian politics too! . . . The spasmodic exertions of an insect over the frothy surface of a bucket of dirty water. Out upon it!

GOVERNOR.—Well! well! swallow your disgust, and listen to what Trimsail has to say.

TRIMSAIL.—This I have to say: you know, Governor, that my heart has always been with you; but, from certain circumstances which connect me with Gammon, and in obedience to the express wish of my constituents, I have thus far voted for him in the caucus. But . . . [*with a great display of*

sentiments] after what has happened—resenting the infamous accusation which has been so recklessly brought against you, and which was intended to ruin your reputation—having, besides, the proof that Mr. Gammon is at the bottom of this hue and cry raised against you—indignant at the injustice done to you personally, and at the affront offered to the Executive of the State by this demonstration against him . . . founded on unworthy suspicions; and besides, taking into consideration that our two families are to make but one by the marriage of my nephew with your daughter, I have come to the conclusion to vote for you, this evening, with another of my friends, giving you two additional votes, and thereby a majority of one, in spite of Beckendorf's future reappearance.

GOVERNOR.—[*Grasping his hands.*]—This is saving me from drowning. I am bounden to you for ever.

RANDOLPH.—[*Aside.*]—Infamous traitor!

TRIMSAIL.—But . . . this is to be secret, of course. The two votes will come out in your favor without its being known who gave them. I must not expose myself to my constituents' disavowal and to Gammon's hostility. We politicians must have a due regard for certain considerations, and must manage to keep up appearances . . . fair appearances at least.

GOVERNOR.—Certainly—certainly—I understand it so. It shall be secret of course. This is a matter of honor between us.

RANDOLPH.—[*Aside.*]—Really,—a precious scoundrel . . . this fellow Trimsail! [*To the Governor and Trimsail, with a slight indication of contempt in his tone.*] I compliment you both, gentlemen.

TRIMSAIL.—[*Aside.*]—He can't now deny that he will be indebted to me for his election. It is done before a witness, and handsomely too, I think; for I just seized the opportune moment by the forelock. [*To the Governor, and pulling out*

his watch.] The sun is going down—the caucus will meet at eight. You have not to wait long for your success.

GOVERNOR.—How shall I ever acknowledge

TRIMSAIL.—Pooh! Governor; don't think so much of it.

[*Aside.*] I hope you will, though! Now a judge, or never, I should think.

RANDOLPH.—Well! gentlemen, I thank you for the lesson you have given me, as you said you intended. Faith! This is indeed the school for politics, and, if I do not profit by it, it shall be my fault.

SCENE VI.

[*LOVEDALE coming in.*]

LOVEDALE.—[*In a light, gay tone to Randolph.*—]Ay—if you received a few more lessons of the kind; if you ever condescended to associate more with me, and to be guided by my advice, you might, considering all the advantages you possess, soon become the first man in the State. [*Turning to the Governor.*] But—to the purpose—I have just been looking about what is going on . . . and . . . [*turning again to Randolph*] had you been with me, you would have seen how far political skill can be carried. I declare . . . I admire that fellow Joe Gammon. [*To the Governor.*] Yes, Governor, I admire him. That's a fact; he is our master—he is indeed! and we shall deserve credit if we overreach him.

GOVERNOR.—What trick has the old sinner been at again?

LOVEDALE.—[*Laughing! ah! ah!*—]Why—he who had been, in a sly, underhand way, circulating the rumor of your having caused the old German to be kidnapped—he who had got up all this excitement by the mere shaking of his little finger, and who is always so well understood and so faithfully obeyed by his agents, without his compromising himself by

word or action—he—faith—has just been haranguing the mob most pathetically—defending you with great zeal—swearing that you are innocent, and that he will die by your side in screening you from those odious imputations. The upshot of it is, that he has persuaded the people not to come here in a body, as it would be, he said, an indecent attempt at intimidation, but merely to send you a committee of inquiry, that will, I am sure, insult you, whilst pretending to keep up all the appearances of courtesy, and that will do more mischief than if a band of rioters should pull down the house. Nay—that incarnate humbug has succeeded in passing himself off for a noble-hearted fellow. I left the people shouting in praise of his generosity and of his chivalrous deportment towards you.

TRIMSAIL.—This is indeed worthy of the old fox.

LOVEDALE.—And who do you think is one of the most conspicuous in that deputation—that committee of inquiry? Why, John Tobias Nutmeg, that hopeful importation from Connecticut. What a farce!

RANDOLPH.—Well! let us go to the gallery in the front part of the house, there to wait for those ministers plenipotentiary sent by his Majesty—the sovereign people. Besides, I confess that I need some fresh air.

LOVEDALE.—Agreed.

TRIMSAIL.—We follow you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

GOVERNOR.—[*Alone, with great glee.*—And so my election as United States Senator is secured. Ah! ah! Well, now I must think of consolidating my power, and retaining that seat for the remainder of my life. I'll give Trimsail the judgeship he wishes; he is the uncle of my intended son-in-law; he is serving me a good turn, I must confess; he is a

shrewd, active, pushing fellow—could not fly very high though, with his own wings, and therefore he will always stand in need of me—faith! an excellent tool, in a subordinate capacity. As to Lovedale, I must have him elected to the lower house in Congress; he will there be very useful to me. My other friends and dependents occupy most of the offices in the State; and, before I resign, I shall take care to fence in my power with still more effect. But who is to be my successor as Governor? There is nobody that I could trust in that position. The election is to take place next year, at the expiration of my term. If a mere nonentity is put forward—a man of straw—he may not be elected. If he be a man of any strength, he might be in my way at some future time. There is the rub. Let me see . . . let me see . . . Randolph would be the man, if he could be persuaded to run; he is very wealthy, and could stand bleeding freely; he is highly respected for his integrity, for his name; he is admired for his talents, and, besides, I should get credit for putting forward such a man. I would take care to do it in the most conspicuous manner. It would do away with the popular belief, and even the reproach, that I suffer no man to reach any public distinction in the State unless he swears allegiance to me. To such supposition, my supporting such a man as Randolph would be the best answer. Yes, policy points out this course to me. The difficulty would be to induce him to accept the candidateship, and then to remain in office until the expiration of his term. He is so indifferent to politics! What a singular man! When in one of his fits, he might send the Legislature and the State House itself to . . . a place unfit for them, certainly; and after having showered about his sarcasms as usual, he might retire to his plantation to bury himself among his books. No practical man that, nor ever will; he is born to lounge away through life, and be in nobody's way—the very reason, by the by, why I should like to have him for Governor. Yes, he is the right kind of

man I want. Well, I'll try hard to come over him. We'll see, we'll see.

SCENE VIII.

HENRIETTA.—[*Coming in.*]—Father, I have just overheard Mr. Randolph commanding a servant to inform you that the committee of inquiry appointed by the people was approaching, and to invite you to meet it in the porch.

GOVERNOR.—I am coming. But—daughter, one word before I go.

HENRIETTA.—What is your pleasure, sir?

GOVERNOR.—I am not so much absorbed by the affairs of the State but what I have been able to discover that which is going on in my own household. I have ascertained that a young man who, in many respects, is too much your inferior to think of you for his companion, and whose family could not associate with mine on a footing of equality, has the presumption to love you. The consequence is, that I have dismissed him from my house. I have been informed, however, that yesterday he rendered you one of those trifling services which every man owes to every woman, and which the high-flown imagination of sensitive and romantic young girls are too apt to convert into the heroic deed of a knight-errant. I know that, in consequence of that accident, this young man accompanied you home. Did he ever dare to speak his sentiments to you?

HENRIETTA.—Only yesterday, father.

GOVERNOR.—Ha! then let it be for the first and last time.

HENRIETTA.—I told him so, father. I told him that I never would marry without your consent, and the reason why.

GOVERNOR.—This might have been omitted, but if he be

for ever dismissed, well and good. You know that when I once take a resolution, I am inflexible.

HENRIETTA.—[*With deep emotion.*]—I will keep the oath I took at the request of my sainted mother.

GOVERNOR.—[*Moved.*]—No more on this painful subject. I know my daughter will always be worthy of her that is gone and of me. [*Pressing warmly her hand and kissing her forehead.*] Believe me, child, those foolish wishes of the heart, or rather caprices of the imagination, cherished by young maidens on entering the world, soon wear out under the rough touch of experience, and those dutiful daughters who allow themselves to be guided by their parents never have cause to repent. [*Exit.*]



SCENE IX.

HENRIETTA.—[*Alone.*]—He is gone, and I may at last give vent to my grief. Poor Mortimer! I forget him! Is that to be the reward of so much true and respectful love—of such delicacy of feeling—of so much devotion—and of the long and heart-breaking silence to which he had condemned himself? Forget him! and for whom? What a halo gathers round his brow, when compared with his rival! And yet, soon I must no longer think of him. But the days which precede my marriage with Mr. Lovedale are mine at least. I have not yet given myself away. I am still free—and since I am no longer permitted to see one so pure, so noble, so exalted, I'll think of him. [*With an exclamation of surprise.*] Ha! is it possible?

SCENE X.

[Enter MORTIMER.]

MORTIMER.—[*Hurriedly.*]—They are all in the front part of the house. I came in, unperceived, by the door opening on the back street.

HENRIETTA.—You amaze me, Mr. Mortimer! What brings you here?

MORTIMER.—The imperious desire of removing from your mind the remotest suspicion that I countenanced, in the slightest degree, this movement against your father—much as I have to complain of him; and shall I be permitted to say, that I came not altogether without the hope of being able again to protect you, if necessary, against the excitement of the people.

HENRIETTA.—However liberal the allowance I am disposed to make for these feelings, and however flattering and kind to me they may be, I must say that your presence here is highly imprudent, and I beg you to withdraw without loss of time. I tremble less . . .

MORTIMER.—Don't be alarmed. I could not resist the temptation to come in. But I retire . . . and will watch in the street until this excitement is over. But say, Miss Henrietta—oh! say, is there no possibility of breaking off, or at least retarding, your marriage with Mr. Lovedale? There is nothing that I would not resort to in the hope of success. Is there, indeed, no means . . .

HENRIETTA.—[*With dejection.*]—I see none—I am powerless—I have already explained to you the position in which I am.

MORTIMER.—Is there any body to whom I could apply,

who could exercise some influence over the Governor. I would throw myself at his feet . . . I would

HENRIETTA.—I know of none—except . . . [*she hesitates*] he—perhaps—could . . .

MORTIMER.—[*Eagerly.*]—Who?

HENRIETTA.—Mr. Randolph.

MORTIMER.—Mr. Randolph?

HENRIETTA.—Yes, he is not what he appears to be. I have studied him, and I *alone* know him. That extraordinary man, when he chooses, exercises, silently, secretly, and imperceptibly, a wonderful influence over all those who approach him. That cold and polished exterior he shows to the world conceals one of those proud and choice spirits, whose nature very few understand, and whose existence is but too often a secret agony.

MORTIMER.—You astonish me, indeed!

HENRIETTA.—All those who surround my father have some selfish views of their own to serve. They have no heart—Mr. Randolph has—and a noble one. He might help us from sympathy—for he is unhappy too.

MORTIMER.—[*Whose astonishment increases.*]—What! That ever smiling, sarcastic, but, withal, good-natured, easy gentleman, who seems to be favored with all the blessings of heaven—he! unhappy!

HENRIETTA.—Yes. This is not the time nor the place to communicate to you all my observations. But, [*speaking hurriedly*] some time ago, Mr. Randolph came and spent a few days at my father's plantation. His apartment happened to be above mine. He used to sit up very late, conversing with my father. Not knowing, probably, that my room was under his, he took no precaution, I suppose, when he withdrew to rest, and he used to wake me up. To my astonishment, he hardly slept at all, for I heard him pacing his room with the irregular, abrupt step of one laboring under some strong emotion. This continued almost every night of

his short stay with us. Every morning, I could not but wonder at the serene expression of his face when taking his seat at the breakfast-table, and at his quiet answer, "that he had slept too much," when my father inquired how he had spent the night. I began to look at him with a strong feeling of curiosity, not unmixed with awe, so impressed was I with the strangeness of what I saw. One morning, I had risen at the dawn of day, to search after one of my favorite doves who had escaped from her cage the previous evening, when, on turning round the great hawthorn hedge, I suddenly came upon Mr. Randolph, who was leaning thus [*she makes the sign of resting her head on the palm of her hand*] on the pedestal of the statue of Pomona, which is in the orange-grove at the further end of the garden. I was so struck with the expression of his face, that I shrank back behind the hedge to avoid being seen by him. Will you believe it, Mr. Mortimer? that face was bathed in tears. I felt rooted to the ground, with my eyes riveted on him. At that moment, the noise of approaching steps was heard. It was my father coming. Mr. Randolph lifted up his head, which seemed to have bent down under the weight of some secret sorrow—he hastily passed his handkerchief over his face, and the change was so instantaneous, that, at the exhibition of such a mastership of the mind over the body, I felt like a thrill of admiration running through my veins. With the rapidity of lightning, his peculiar smile—half good-humored, half sarcastic, appeared on his lips; his large blue eyes had assumed their cheerful, philosophical indifference, and he greeted my father with a tone as blithe as that of the lark. Who would have thought that he had been sobbing a minute before? The effect was so startling and so shook my nerves, that I ran to my room . . . and wept.

MORTIMER.—This almost passes belief, Miss Henrietta.

HENRIETTA.—It is but too true. I observed him since, with more attention than I had done before; and signs, in-

visible to others, but clear to me, confirmed me in the conviction that the deep bottom of the ocean may be convulsed with some of Nature's throes, whilst its surface smiles under the gentle fanning of genial winds.

MORTIMER.—It is astonishing that I have never discovered aught that

HENRIETTA.—Now that you are warned, observe him more closely. The inward man in him is betrayed by indications of which he himself is not aware. At times, when he thinks he is not noticed, I have seen the shadow of dark clouds pass over his brow. Nay, in his gayest moods he will gradually become abstracted, and, as the fit grows upon him, the sonorous and deep sounds of the voice of manhood sink into the hoarse and husky intonations of one broken by age or sorrow. It is but seldom that this happens, and it hardly lasts time enough to be observed by the indifferent.

MORTIMER.—Is he unhappy, indeed! Unhappy like us! Well! I already felt for him gratitude, respect, admiration. Now I shall love him.

HENRIETTA.—One day, at a ball given at my father's house, he stood up in the crowd, so lost in "listless forgetfulness," that, passing by him, I ventured to touch slightly his shoulder with my forefinger, saying to him playfully: what are you thinking of, conspirator? These simple words made him start as if he had been stung to the quick, and he looked displeased, I thought. Ever since, he, at times, glances at me with an uneasy expression of the eye, as if he suspected my having fathomed the real state of his heart more than others. But that heart, I am sure, is a kind heart—an aching heart—and therefore a sympathizing one. If there be a human being capable of helping us, it must be he. Such men, having so much command over themselves, have still more power over others, when they choose to exert it. Make him your friend.

MORTIMER.—[*Eagerly.*]—I will—I will—but who comes?

HENRIETTA.—[*Alarmed.*]—Pray, begone. You have staid too long.

MORTIMER.—[*Running to the door at the bottom of the stage.*]—Good God! The yard is full of people. [*Hastens to one of the side doors.*] Heavens! this corridor is also blocked up. [*Presenting himself to the door opposite.*] Bless me! here is the Governor coming this way with a crowd! What shall I do? [*Looking round with bewilderment, he opens a door leading into the inner apartments.*] Ah! there! [*Bolts into the room.*]

HENRIETTA.—Mercy! It is my apartment.

SCENE XI.

HENRIETTA, GOVERNOR, LOVEDALE, RANDOLPH, SEVERAL FEMALES OF THE GOVERNOR'S FAMILY, HIS YOUNG GIRLS AND THEIR GOVERNESS, WAGTAIL, TURNCOAT, TRIMSAIL, JOHN, MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY, AND OTHERS.

GOVERNOR.—[*To the members of the committee.*]—Gentlemen, I have shown you the whole house. This parlor, and my eldest daughter's apartment, are the only parts remaining to be visited.

TRIMSAIL.—I suppose, Governor, that those gentlemen must be satisfied, and will not require any further search.

JOHN.—[*With some embarrassment.*]—Certainly—certainly not. Although the resolutions adopted by the people, in their public meeting and sovereign capacity, direct us, with the Governor's consent, to examine . . .

GOVERNOR.—[*With some excitement.*]—Every nook and corner of my house, I suppose. Well! it shall not be said that you have not done so, and that I have not gratified the people to the full extent of their wishes.

JOHN.—[*With increased embarrassment.*]—If the lady's room is the only one remaining unvisited . . . of course—it can't be expected . . .

GOVERNOR.—By heavens!—no such forbearance. Fulfil your mission without scruple. You must go into that room, which is the last, and I will open the door myself. [*Suiting the action to the word, he opens the door violently. Mortimer comes out amidst the exclamations of surprise uttered by all.*]

HENRIETTA.—I shall die from confusion and shame.

JOHN.—Why—had the young man been kidnapped too?

MORTIMER.—[*To John.*]—Silence, John. [*To the rest of the company.*] Nothing is more easy to be accounted for than my presence here. Maddened by my father's disappearance, and anxious to ascertain at whose door the guilt, if there was any, was to be laid, I determined, under the excitement of the moment, [*casting a furtive and meaning glance at Henrietta,*] to penetrate secretly into this house . . . in the hope . . . that I might overhear some conversation from which I might derive some light as to what has happened to my father. I had advanced as far as this room, when hearing coming steps from every direction, and seeing my retreat cut off, I threw myself into this apartment, where I had not been long before the present exposure took place.

GOVERNOR.—[*Angrily.*]—So, sir . . . not only have you insulted me by this open confession of yours, in which you declare your belief in the odious accusation brought against me, but you have also disgraced yourself by admitting that you played the eavesdropper.

LOVEDALE.—[*To the Governor.*]—I claim it as my right, sir, as I shall soon be entitled to call myself your son, to resist this impertinent intrusion, and to chastise this base violation of all the proprieties of life. [*Mortimer strides menacingly towards Lovedale.*]

RANDOLPH.—[*Stepping forward, as if to interpose between the two, says :*]—Be calm, my young friend.

MORTIMER.—I hope, Mr. Randolph, you don't think me capable of any act of violence *here*. But rest assured, that I am grateful for your well meant advice and your kind notice of me on this painful occasion. You see I am calm and I have only to say to this person, [*pointing to Lovedale,*] that I am overjoyed at the opportunity he affords me, of having soon with him an interview, from which I expect much gratification. [*He bows to the company, and exit with dignity. At the same time, Henrietta, much agitated, retires into her apartment.*]

SCENE XII.

WAGTAIL.—Now, gentlemen, it becomes my turn to interfere in this affair. I have permitted it to run its course thus far, because I wanted to give full scope to the malice of the Governor's enemies, in order that it should manifest itself to all—so as no longer to be questioned,—and make the vindication of the Governor's innocence more striking and impressive. Now . . . You shall know all. You have, no doubt, every one of you, visited and admired old Beckendorf's beer and wine cellar.

RANDOLPH.—[*Aside.*—What is he coming to?

TRIMSAIL.—[*Aside.*—Is the fellow mad! And is he going to make a clear confession!

WAGTAIL.—Well, ladies and gentlemen, in that cellar Beckendorf is locked up. [*Exclamations from all: ho! ho!*] But by whom was he locked up?

ALL.—Ay! Ay! That is the question.

WAGTAIL.—Will you believe it, ladies and gentlemen? It was done by his own wife—the bone of his bone—flesh of his flesh—yes—the wife of his bosom!—altogether a family

affair, as you see; and, of course, nobody is to be blamed.

RANDOLPH.—[*Aside.*]—This is rich!

JOHN.—[*Aside.*]—It is getting complicated.

WAGTAIL.—I have it from two men, whose names I am not at liberty to mention—who saw her turn the keys on the old man, when he went into the cellar to get wine for the great dinner to which he had invited the members of the procession committee and others of Gammon's friends.

A MEMBER OF COMMITTEE.—Where is the proof of this extraordinary assertion?

WAGTAIL.—[*With a nod of assent, and with a smile of self-complacency.*]—The proofs will be conclusive. First—old Beckendorf will be found in the cellar; and the keys of the cellar in the reticule of the old lady. [*Aside.*] Faith! It cost me one hundred dollars to persuade a fellow to creep into her house and lodge the keys where they are now.

JOHN.—But what could be the old lady's object?

WAGTAIL.—Go and ask her. But *my* inference is, that she was opposed to her husband's heading the procession. Her rabid hatred for politics and politicians is well known, and I suppose she has gratified her spleen by keeping the old man at home, when he most wanted to be abroad. [*With a sneer.*] That is the fashion, probably, with German wives.

TRIMSAIL.—[*With an affected solemnity of expression.*] This has every appearance of probability, and the truth of it can be easily verified. [*Aside.*] I could kiss the fellow for his genius.

LOVEDALE.—[*With an air of candor.*]—It is plain enough; it must be so. [*Aside.*] I had no idea of Wagtail's calibre. His services are worth having. I'll put him down in my memorandum-book.

RANDOLPH.—Well! the mystery being thus explained, let us proceed to Beckendorf's house and set him free. [*Aside.*] These fellows are acute rogues, and, if not watched with great care, might succeed in the end. [*He takes hold of*

John, and leads him to a corner of the stage, whilst the Governor is saying:]

GOVERNOR.—Come on, gentlemen. I will proceed myself to Mr. Beckendorf's house, and I hope that, *there*, you will, some of you, at least, apologize to me for your unworthy suspicions. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII.

RANDOLPH.—[*To John.*]—Tell Mr. Mortimer that I offer him my services as his second in the duel in which he is engaged.

JOHN.—[*Frightened.*]—A duel! Do you think they will fight?

RANDOLPH.—Bound to do so. It can't be helped.

JOHN.—The deuce it can't be helped! But duelling is sinful, sir.

RANDOLPH.—True. But it cannot be prevented . . . unless timely information be given on affidavit to a magistrate . . . a thing, however, which we never do in the South.

JOHN.—[*Eagerly.*]—*We* do it at the North though. I am a Connecticut man, sir, and I'll behave like a Christian.

RANDOLPH.—[*With affected indifference.*]—As you please . . . But the sun is just dropping beyond yonder trees, and you will hardly have time, before it is altogether set, to find out a magistrate . . . unless—by the by—you apply to old Crabtree, the gouty and fat justice of the peace at the next corner. Still—it is entirely repugnant to our Southern usages—and if you dare interfere in this matter . . .

JOHN.—[*Snapping his fingers.*]—I dare be a Christian, and prevent murder. [*Runs out.*]

SCENE XIV.

RANDOLPH.—[*Alone.*]—It won't take long to have them arrested. [*Smiling.*] Old Crabtree can be easily persuaded not to take bail after night comes. I'll look to that. Thus all will be safe in the caucus at eight o'clock this evening. Two of Gammon's friends, Trimsail and his nameless associate in treachery, go over to the Governor's side, it is true. But Lovedale's arrest will reduce the two votes gained since this morning to one—and old Beckendorf's reappearance will make it a tie. So—so—let the caucus meet. There will be no choice to-night—and—to-morrow—to-morrow—well! sufficient for to-day is the evil thereof. Let us leave to-morrow to shift for itself—and trust to Providence.

Act Fourth.

SCENE I.

RANDOLPH'S HOUSE.

GAMMON.—[*Alone.*]—Randolph is out, but will soon be in, his servant says. I am bursting with vexation. Yesterday, at noon, I thought that I was sure of the majority in the caucus, and yet there was a tie occasioned by Beckendorf's unaccountable disappearance. Beckendorf, thanks to the mob I raised, reappears in time to be at the evening caucus; and, as luck would have it, Lovedale, being arrested on account of his quarrel with Mortimer, is prevented from attending the caucus—which circumstance ought to have secured me, last evening, a majority of two—and, nevertheless, there is again a tie! Something which is inexplicable must be going on. One would think that old Satan himself is at work. Evidently I must have been betrayed. Yes—there was desertion in my ranks. But who were the traitors? If Randolph would only speak! . . . The well-defined neutrality of his position, and the knowledge every one has of his discretion and of his complete lack of ambition, are circumstances which make him acquainted with many secrets. Nobody distrusts him. Would that he be willing to give me some information on this letter addressed to me by an unknown hand! I must read it again. Thus it reads: “My

friendship for you and my aversion for treachery impel me to inform you that Trimsail with one of his adherents voted last night for the Governor under the implied promise of his having the vacant judgeship which is in the gift of His Excellency. This would have defeated you, if Lovedale had not been arrested before his going to the caucus, and if bail had not been refused by old Crabtree until this morning.”—No signature.—Can this be true? I cannot believe it. Trimsail is too much in my power—he would not dare to play false. Faith! Despite of my boasted experience, I begin to be bewildered. I never saw before such marches and counter-marches of treachery. Why—the country is spoiled—an honest man will have to give it up. I’ll go to California. But, who comes?



SCENE II.

BECKENDORF.—[*Entering with Gertrude.*—Ah! Is that you—Mr. Gammon!

GAMMON.—Yes—and glad to see you. But what brings you here with your better half?

BECKENDORF.—We come to thank Mr. Randolph for the interest he exhibited on behalf of our son in his recent quarrel with that popinjay—Lovedale. He was the first, this morning, to wait on that blockhead—old Crabtree, and to give bail for Mortimer, and John told us that Mr. Randolph had also tendered his services as second to Mortimer, should powder and ball have been resorted to. My heart is filled with gratitude—I am bound to him for life.

GERTRUDE.—And the more so, that he does not expect any thing in return, for he wants nothing and is no politician.

GAMMON.—Well! Well! Mrs. Beckendorf—your aversion to politics nearly ruined me yesterday; for if you had not

kept your loving spouse at home by . . . [*making the sign of locking with a key*] he would have attended the caucus, and I should be now as good as a United States Senator.

GERTRUDE.—[*Angrily.*]—Sir, you do not suppose that I took such liberties with my husband, do you? I scold him, it is true—and brush him up sometimes for his own good—but I do not forget that he is after all to be the lord and master—and if he chooses to go his own way, after I have remonstrated—why—that is his look out—the consequences be on his own head!—and let me tell you—if his head was not turned by such as you, Mr. Gammon

BECKENDORF.—Wife! Wife! That is going too far, and if . . .

GAMMON.—Poh! Let the honest woman speak her mind. [*To Gertrude, in a bantering tone.*] But, madam, if not you, who could have locked up your husband in his own cellar?

GERTRUDE.—[*Impetuously.*]—Some politician, to be sure.

GAMMON.—But how came the keys of the cellar to be found in your own bag?

GERTRUDE.—[*With vehemence.*]—By some politician's trick—no doubt. They can do worse things than that.

GAMMON.—You must at least feel satisfied that it was done by some of the Governor's friends, since he was benefited by it. It must convince you that I am opposing deceit, cunning, and corruption, and ought to interest you in my favor. [*To Beckendorf.*] But, my friend, if your son has been set free, Lovedale has had the same privilege, and therefore, at the caucus this evening, the Governor will have a majority of one vote, since we had yesterday a tie, which was due to Lovedale's absence. Two more votes on my side would elect me, if they could be got. Perhaps they could be subtracted from the Governor's ranks, or from Tagrag's faithful guard of fifteen—eh?—the plot thickens—and we must lose no time.

BECKENDORF.—What is to be done? What is to be done?

GAMMON.—I am ready now, as the emergency is pressing and requires it, to use the strongest means of persuasion. [*With a smile, and tapping Beckendorf on the shoulder.*] As a good general, I have, of course, my reserve, which is to be brought into action at the critical moment. This shall be done to-day. All that I want is a faithful and intelligent aid, to whom I may confide my plans of operation, and surely I can place my confidence no where more safely than in one whom the President is to intrust with the interests of the nation abroad, by investing him with a diplomatic mission, and in fact, what I want you to do for me is in the diplomatic line.

BECKENDORF.—[*Pompously.*]—If it be any thing diplomatic—of course I am the man for it. As you say, it is in my line.

GAMMON.—Certainly. [*In the mean time, Gertrude, who had moved away to a certain distance, approaches the two actors, and listens attentively whilst Gammon continues with emphasis:*] You know, my friend, that a great statesman, Sir Robert Walpole, said: “that every man has his price.”

BECKENDORF.—No. I did not know him nor his sentiment. But I think that he went rather too far. I don't think that any body can buy me.

GERTRUDE.—[*With impatience.*]—And I say that he was a very great rogue, if he expressed any such sentiment.

GAMMON.—[*Sententiously.*]—He was a great minister, and honored as such in history.

BECKENDORF.—[*Hastily stopping his wife who is going to reply.*]—Hush! wife, hush! if I had known that, I would not have taken you along with me. Don't meddle with what concerns you not. This is a diplomatic and not a domestic affair. [*She shrugs her shoulders, and moves off—but within hearing distance.*]

GAMMON.—Yes, this is diplomacy, as you say, and I am glad to offer you this opportunity of trying your hand in that

line before you are sent to Germany. Direct bribery is a thing I abhor, and which no honest man ought to countenance, although people give me no credit for such feelings on my part, and believe exaggerated reports on me, which are circulated by my enemies. I would scorn going up to a man, who represents the majesty and purity of the people, and say to him, "I want to buy your vote—how much do you want for it?" That would be bribery, evidently. But there are certain ways of doing things which keep the conscience of all parties at ease—for instance: I have a large sum of money in bank here. Well! I have no use for it. Why should it not be applied to help such of my fellow-citizens as may be in distressed circumstances! Let us suppose a case: thus, I dare say . . . that, among Tagrag's supporters, or the Governor's friends, there may be some who, being pinched, or in stunted circumstances, may be disposed to sell a negro, or some other property, or one who has a promissory note to pay, poor devil! Well! if a very handsome price is paid for the property, whatever it be, it is one way of giving relief without giving offence, or deserving censure. The purchaser exercises his judgment as he pleases—and the seller may pocket his money without scruple. As to a promissory note—suppose it be paid out of pure friendship, without even the drawer's knowledge—why, what objection can he, or anybody else, have to such a manifestation of liberality or benevolence? All that is expected in return is . . . a little gratitude. Where is the harm? Is that bribery?

BECKENDORF.—[*Pompously.*]—No, it is diplomacy.

GAMMON.—As you say,—it is diplomacy, Mr. Minister Plenipotentiary, and nothing else. This is what I call taking a practical view of the subject. None get along in this world except practical men. [*Punching Beckendorf in the side, and laughingly.*] Do you understand it? ha! ha! Do you see your way clearly? ha! ha! It requires a good deal of discreet, shrewd, and delicate management—it is a very

pretty piece of business when neatly done—and is sure to succeed.

BECKENDORF.—[*Laughing.*]—Capital! capital! It puts me in mind of old Metternich. I understand it all. It shall be done.

GERTRUDE.—[*Coming up to them, says indignantly.*]—And I understand it too, and it shall not be done, as I am an honest woman—Metternich or no Metternich. I will sooner proclaim it to the whole world—and . . .

BECKENDORF.—[*Angrily.*]—Mrs. Beckendorf!—this is intolerable. You forget yourself. I did not think that the time would ever come when I should be obliged to remind you of keeping your place—and . . .

GAMMON.—[*Interfering.*]—Well! Well! I see that Mrs. Beckendorf misunderstands me—but I will rather sacrifice my own interests than be the cause of a quarrel between you. [*Winking significantly at Beckendorf, and turning round to Gertrude, he says.*] I give up, madam—I give it up. Let us speak of other things—for instance—of your son. Do you know that since he was discovered secreted in the Governor's house, and since his quarrel with Lovedale, it is currently reported that he has been long in love with the Governor's daughter—so that the Governor is determined to bring on her wedding with Lovedale sooner than he intended—and it is understood that it is to take place the day after to-morrow.

GERTRUDE.—Gracious God! Then our son will die, or leave us for ever.

GAMMON.—It is true then?

GERTRUDE.—It is but too true.

GAMMON.—I know one way of preventing it.

GERTRUDE.—[*Eagerly.*]—What is it?

GAMMON.—Defeat the Governor's election, and secure that of a friend, who will procure an elevated position for your husband, or your son—and—depend upon it—the distance

which separates him from Miss Henrietta may disappear very suddenly.

GERTRUDE.—Are you sure of that?

GAMMON.—Sure!—If you doubt it—ask Mr. Randolph in whom you have so much confidence.

GERTRUDE.—[*With great warmth.*]—Husband—you must not lose a minute. Mr. Gammon is right—we must save our son—our poor son—and defeat the Governor's election by all means. Set to work—set to work—quick!—quick!

GAMMON.—[*With a self-complacent smile and with a gentle wave of the hand.*]—I am glad you are satisfied at last that I am working for your interest.

GERTRUDE.—[*Impetuously.*]—There is nothing which I will not do for my son. [*To Beckendorf.*] What are you doing there, standing still like a block? Come along—come along—join your money to Mr. Gammon's money—give half of your fortune, if necessary. Don't buy two or three only—it might not be enough—buy them all—they are all for sale, I understand. [*Beckendorf and Gammon exchange significant glances.*]

BECKENDORF.—Well—well—wife—not so fast—not so fast neither! I must have further instructions from Mr. Gammon—and . . .

GERTRUDE.—No—no—You said just now you understood it all. To work then!—to work!—Let us know if that fatal marriage is to be prevented and our son saved.

GAMMON.—I rejoice to see that you take it so much at heart—and that you have learned to be a politician.

GERTRUDE.—[*Angrily.*]—I—a politician! I despise all politicians—I want no office. I scorn your Robert Walpole as you call him—who says every man has his price. Corruption is a filthy thing. Good bye, sir. [*She drops a courtesy to Gammon, takes her husband's arm, and dragging him away, says:*] Come along. To work!—to work!—our poor son must be saved—buy them—buy them all!

BECKENDORF.—[*Turning round as he goes out.*]—Mr. Gammon, we shall soon return to report progress, if you wait here half an hour or so.—[*Exit with Gertrude.*]

GAMMON.—[*Alone.*]—What a funny world! She is no politician!—not *she!* Oh! no!—and *she* scorns corruption! Very fine—indeed—exquisitely fine!—*I* am a politician—I want office—and if I buy a few votes which I need, just as I would purchase any thing else—*I* am practising corruption, forsooth! But where is the difference between me and that honest woman? To accomplish her ends, does she not use the same means I resort to? Therefore, if there is any logic in this world, I am right in saying that the only difference between her and myself is . . . that she wears a petticoat—and—I—breeches!—We are both politicians in our respective spheres . . . manœuvring for different hobbies—that's all. [*Looking towards the side scenes.*] Oh! oh! but what is the meaning of all this? Wonders will never cease. Here are the Governor, Trimsail, Lovedale, and the Governor's two toadies—Wagtail and Turncoat. There must be some object in this parade of a visit and in the assemblage of all these worthies. They look big with some mighty purpose.

SCENE III.

[*Enter* GOVERNOR, TRIMSAIL, LOVEDALE, WAGTAIL, and TURNCOAT.]

GOVERNOR.—Oh! Is that you, Mr. Gammon? I am happy to meet you. [*Aside.*] Damn his old soul! he is always in the way.

GAMMON.—[*Shaking the Governor's hand heartily.*]—How are you, Governor? Glad to see you looking so well! [*Aside.*] I wish he had the gout in his stomach, the intrud-

ing fool! [*To the others.*] How are you, gentlemen? How are you? [*They bow and shake hands very cordially.*]

GOVERNOR.—Are you alone here, Mr. Gammon? Where is our mutual friend, Randolph?

GAMMON.—Not at home—but expected every minute.

GOVERNOR.—Well! Mr. Gammon, what is your chance for the Senate?

GAMMON.—[*With affected indifference.*]—Very poor—I believe—very poor—but *you* probably know better than *I* do.

GOVERNOR.—Faith! not I. But say—Gammon—by the by—let us fight fair—eh? All that I wish is, that you do not, between this time and the evening, persuade some one of my friends that he has a wife and children all dying at home—if you please.

GAMMON.—[*With a candid look of innocence.*]—Oh! Governor—how can you believe such scandalous reports? But—pray—favor for favor—I beg you in return not to lock up any of my friends in his cellar—if you please.

GOVERNOR.—I know you are jesting, Gammon, otherwise, I should feel offended;—but say . . . remember, for old friendship's sake, not to mob me again—if you please.

GAMMON.—[*Sneeringly.*]—I will continue to protect you, Governor, as I did last night, and will harangue the people in your favor, whenever they get excited against you—but on one condition—it is—that you no longer keep that infernal judgship in abeyance—if you please. [*The Governor's brow darkens.*]

TRIMSAIL.—[*Interfering hastily.*]—Cease this keen encounter of your wits—there is no foundation for such unworthy suspicions—and—luckily—here is our friend Randolph coming.

GAMMON.—Well! gentlemen, you seem to have come here on business . . . I leave you.

GOVERNOR.—By no means, Gammon. I had rather have you in sight than out of sight. It is safer for me. Is it not?

Besides, I wish you to hear what we have to say to Mr. Randolph. It may interest you. Pray—favor us with your company. [*Gammon comes back.*]

SCENE IV.

[*Enter RANDOLPH.*]

RANDOLPH.—Ah! what lucky windfall brings you all here? I did not expect to meet so much good company at home. Good morning, Governor—good morning, Mr. Gammon—good morning, gentlemen. Achilles and Hector confronting one another, eh? But this is neutral territory, you know—no fight here.

TRIMSAIL.—They have already been flinging some sharp-edged darts at one another.

RANDOLPH.—Ho! ho! and on which side are the gods? I mean the bystanders. [*Looking meaningly at Trimsail who hangs down his head.*] But I will summon some spirits from the vast deep that will be more potent than mythological gods—to keep you at peace. [*Rings the bell—servant appears.*] Bring refreshments here. Gentlemen, be seated—and take your “ease in your own inn”—to use the expressions of jolly Falstaff—that lover of good cheer, and hater of trouble, war, and politics, like myself, except he was fatter. [*Servant comes in with refreshments. They fill up.*]

GOVERNOR.—Bumpers, gentlemen. I am going to propose a toast. I hope it will be heartily responded to. Here it is: To John Washington Randolph, our next Governor. [*Randolph smiles in his peculiar way.*]

GAMMON.—[*Looks astonished, but says:*—] With all my heart! [*Aside.*] I smell a rat. What is the old stager about? Does he expect to win Randolph’s blank vote by this trick?

ALL.—[*Touching glasses.*]—To John Washington Randolph, our next Governor!

RANDOLPH.—[*Motioning them to their seats, and taking one.*]—Gentlemen, whence this unexpected honor—to which I am so little entitled, and which therefore takes me so much by surprise?

GOVERNOR.—Knowing your modesty, and your aversion for politics, we settled the whole of it without your knowledge. The election comes on in six months—it is necessary to prepare everything for it. Upon due consideration and consultation, we have come to the determination that you are the man to be run, if you only give us free authority to act in your name. The object of our visit is to commune with you on the subject, and to ask you whether you will for once throw off your apathy, and consent at last to be useful to the State and to your friends.

RANDOLPH.—Gentlemen, I am grateful, indeed, for this demonstration in my behalf, particularly when I consider the source from which it comes, and I feel so much honored by it that I am almost tempted to shake off what the Governor calls my apathy; but before I part with what I cherish so much, I wish to know exactly what I am to get in exchange. In the first place, if I consent to become a candidate, tell me what is expected of your humble servant, and what is the ordeal I am to pass through. You will excuse me if I choose to ascertain beforehand whether I am not to pay too high for the fiddle.

GAMMON.—A very sensible suggestion!

TRIMSAIL.—We know that you never had anything to do with politics, but our experience is at your service.

WAGTAIL.—You are a raw hand, but a little drilling from such leaders as you will have about you, will soon make you competent for the task.

RANDOLPH.—Well! I am willing to learn, and to peep a little into your school for politics, provided you allow me

the privilege of running away like a truant boy, if I don't like your discipline.

TURNCOAT.—Unanimously agreed, I suppose. [*Looking round to all the actors, who nod assent.*]

RANDOLPH.—If so—out with your prospectus, my good teachers—and let me see how I like it.

LOVEDALE.—Although the youngest of the company, I beg leave to be the spokesman on this occasion, and to show off a little. I am sure that our friend there, although too well bred to let out the secret, prides himself mightily upon his knowledge of books, and that he has a very indifferent opinion of my intellect, because it has never troubled itself about the musty records of the past. Well! I wish to show him that I have studied human nature, at least, and that, with regard to any of the practical purposes of life, when it comes to racing for political power, for wealth, or for any thing else, the scholar who has been living in his closet with Tacitus and Machiavel will easily be left in the back ground by him who, in the grog shop, has been associating with Tom, Dick or Harry, and some other knowing ones of the present day.

RANDOLPH.—[*Bowing with great gravity.*].—I humbly admit my inferiority in that respect, and shall be happy to profit by your lessons.

LOVEDALE.—[*With gay carelessness.*].—Well then! I begin—attention, if you please, my pupil; and you, the school directors, if I commit any blunders, please to correct me.

RANDOLPH.—I am all attention—proceed. But allow me to propound one question. How is it that you thought of me in connection with the office of Governor? I returned to the country only two years ago—I am acquainted with few people in the State, and have not as yet done any thing for the party. Being elected in my parish a State Senator, because it was impossible to find in its whole breadth and length any body else disposed to come to Baton Rouge, I

have not, so far, opened my lips in that body, and have taken no share whatever in the Legislative business—so that a more worthless log than I have proved to be cannot be found floating on the surface of party organization. I certainly cannot be looked upon as one who will make much headway in politics, on account of constitutional defects which every body must observe in me. I am not a promising youth—that is clear. Why, therefore, am I taken up by you, gentlemen ?

LOVEDALE.—For the very reason you have given—because you are a log . . . because . . .

ALL.—Oh ! oh ! we protest . . .

LOVEDALE.—Let me explain. Yes . . because he is in the way of nobody, I mean. He can be reproached with nothing—having done nothing. He can't be attacked ! What could the papers of the opposition say ?

RANDOLPH.—Very flattering indeed ! It seems I am taken up on account of my negative merits . . . because I am a mere cipher.

LOVEDALE.—Not at all, my dear sir. You have great talents unquestionably ; but fortunately they are not known. Otherwise, they would excite envy ; and so many anxious geniuses would look upon you as a possible obstacle to be found in their way at some future time, that you would be rejected through their intrigues. If your want of ambition, your love of ease and independence, your aversion for politics were as familiar to them as to us—that indeed might counterbalance the bad effect produced by your talents, because, as you will never make much effort to push yourself forward, and as you would not even know how to do it, you might, at any time, be put on the shelf, without much trouble on their part, or complaint from yourself. This is very convenient ; and there is no greater recommendation for a candidate, I assure you, than to be thought available for temporary purposes. Such a man is frequently put in office by the

knowing ones to prevent another individual, whom they have reason to fear, from stepping in. Therefore I say that, as few only are acquainted with, or would believe in, your indolence and the other peculiarities of your unambitious temper, it is lucky that your talents are not generally known.

ALL.—No. No. We don't agree to that.

GOVERNOR.—On the contrary, Lovedale—we take up our friend because of his talents—because we wish to push him as far and as high as he can go.

LOVEDALE.—*We*, to be sure—because we are his disinterested friends—but not the other leaders.

RANDOLPH.—[*Aside.*]—The old foxes are afraid the young one may commit them, but he is a true chip of the right block. [*To Lovedale.*] But have you sounded the people in relation to my candidacy?

LOVEDALE.—[*To the other actors.*]—Is he raw, eh? [*To Randolph.*] What the deuce has the people to do at all in this matter?

RANDOLPH.—[*With feigned astonishment.*]—As this is the model republic—the government of the people by the people, I thought

LOVEDALE.—Phsaw! my dear sir, the people don't bother themselves about these things, except going to the polls merely to ratify what a few of us, their leaders, have determined; and we so arrange it through party organization, that no one dares rebel against any ukase of ours, and the people cannot help accepting the candidate we put upon them. The dish is set hot and smoking upon the table, they must take it as it is.

RANDOLPH.—You amaze me!

LOVEDALE.—To be short, here is what you will have to do. You must begin with buying up the support of about a dozen of the most influential of the country papers, and also secure the whole New Orleans press—I mean that part of it which belongs to our party, and which is to be bought. It will how-

ever be understood that one of these papers will seem to be opposed to you, and will pretend to support the claims of any rival you may have before the convention, but in such a manner as to cut his throat. That is good policy. It will also be necessary to command the services of what is called an independent paper—then the operation will be complete.

RANDOLPH.—Buy up the press—that great palladium of our liberties!

LOVEDALE.—[*Laughing.*]—The great palladium of our liberties! What primitive innocence! Is it not rich? Ha! ha! ha!

ALL.—[*Laughing.*]—Rich!—Decidedly rich. Ha! ha! ha!

RANDOLPH.—But this buying up of the press must be a pretty expensive affair.

GAMMON.—No.—Only about six thousand dollars;—and you can afford it.

LOVEDALE.—Mr. Gammon is right. Those papers will say, for a trifling remuneration, that you are perfection itself, and will demonstrate that you are clamorously demanded by the people as Governor. The next step will be to pack the convention.

RANDOLPH.—Pack the Convention!—like cards?

LOVEDALE.—Why—certainly—pack the Convention—like a jury. Where do you come from, man? Have you dropped from the moon?

TRIMSAIL.—Of course, Mr. Randolph—no one, however exalted his merits may be, can be expected to be taken up as the candidate of a party, unless he packs the convention, or unless his friends do it for him.

LOVEDALE.—In every country parish, there are two or three men who control it and who can cause to be appointed what delegates they please. By securing those few men, we secure the country influence, and, depend upon it, we are well acquainted with the means to be employed in order to

accomplish that purpose. Is it not true, Governor, eh?
[*With a meaning look and smile.*]

GOVERNOR.—To be sure—to be sure . . . provided Mr. Randolph authorizes us to go the full length in his name. In that case we would give him more detailed information on the subject.

LOVEDALE.—As to the city of New Orleans, it is the easiest thing in the world to have what delegates we please. The operation is not complicated at all—it is a mere matter of dollars and cents.

RANDOLPH.—Has it come to this? Are freemen to be bought like hogs in the market? Well! well! what will that cost?

WAGTAIL.—I am fully qualified to answer; for I acted as the agent of the Governor in the last gubernatorial election. To control the preliminary proceedings and to have proper delegates appointed in the several wards of the city, it cost him five thousand dollars.

ALL.—Cheap—decidedly cheap—very.

LOVEDALE.—Once taken by the convention, the rest is easy. All that you have to do, is to put ten thousand dollars in the hands of the Central Committee, who will do all the dirty work, and buy, or manufacture for you, if they don't exist, four thousand votes in New Orleans. That alone secures the election.

RANDOLPH.—Is that all?

TURNCOAT.—No,—you will have to scatter about three or four thousand dollars in the employment of agents, and buy up all the votes that can be bought in the several country parishes.

GOVERNOR.—As a round sum, you may put down the whole expense at \$25,000. Should you give that, you will sweep everything before you. [*Turning round to the other persons present.*] What do you say?

ALL.—It is so—you are right.

RANDOLPH.—If such be the state of things, a poor man has but very little political chance.

LOVEDALE.—I beg your pardon—he has some, but in a different way and through different means. For instance, if you had been poor, my advice would have varied accordingly. I would say: show your talents—get deeply into debt—put on openly some real or assumed vice. That would make envy forgive your talents—for it must have some cud or other to chew. Every merit you may have must be counterbalanced by some glaring imperfection. If the people can only say: what a splendid mind that fellow has! What a pity he is such a vagabond! you may be sure they will all vote for you. Envy has been disarmed. But, if you are an unexceptionable candidate, you are doomed. Human nature will not stand it. What! nothing to criticise in a man who comes forward before the public! Why! the stones themselves would rise up against him.

RANDOLPH.—A pretty misanthrope you are, Lovedale, for your age!

LOVEDALE.—Damn misanthropy—facts!—glaring facts—I tell you; human nature—that's all. I would further say to you: shake hands with every low fellow you meet—the dirtier the better; dress shabbily—affect vulgarity—learn to swear as big and as loud as possible—tap every man affectionately on the shoulder—get drunk once a week—conspicuously, mind you—in some well known tippling establishment—become a member of every one of those associations which spring up daily in New Orleans—spout against tyrants, aristocrats, and the rich—above all, talk eternally of the poor oppressed people and of their rights—drop entirely the garb, the manners, and the feelings of a gentleman—and you may have the chance of a triumphant election . . . particularly if . . . if . . .

RANDOLPH.—You seem to hesitate.

LOVEDALE.—No . . . But I did not know exactly how to

express it. I mean . . . if you should give certain guaranties to the leaders.

RANDOLPH.—That is . . . if I pledged myself to be their tool . . . I suppose.

GAMMON.—[*With the most placid of his smiles.*]—Exactly so.

TRIMSAIL.—The fact is, Mr. Randolph . . . it is useless to be squeamish about it. Antiquated notions must be set aside. Lately the science of politics has been greatly improved and has progressed with the age. It now consists in buying, or being bought—in using tools—or in being used as such.

RANDOLPH.—Any further information ?

LOVEDALE.—Yes. After you are chosen by the convention, and have put the necessary means in the hands of the Central Committee, you will travel leisurely through the State, shake hands with every body—address a compliment to every woman—kiss every child—drink as much bad brandy and whisky as you can—and make stump speeches, although it don't signify much after all. But it is necessary for stage effect, whilst the real work is done behind the scenes.

RANDOLPH.—But, gentlemen—I foresee more difficulties than you are aware of. Crawford is spoken of as Governor, and no man that I know of has the one-hundredth part of his claims. He has been for twenty-five years a consistent party man, has rendered great services, has filled with much credit, and to universal satisfaction, very important and arduous offices which brought him no pecuniary profits. Although in very moderate circumstances indeed as to fortune, he has never yielded to any temptation. In my opinion, he has as much talent as any man in the United States—he is of unbending independence—of iron energy—a polished gentleman—a distinguished scholar—a statesman whose integrity

no man would venture to attack. That man will certainly be selected.

GOVERNOR.—Crawford is all that you say—but he is out of place and out of time—unfit for the age—quite—I assure you. He ought to have lived centuries ago; he is antediluvian. He knows nothing of human nature—he is impracticable. Depend upon it—he won't do. He lacks judgment and common sense.

LOVEDALE.—Besides, he does not suit us—he is not our friend—and the means are easy to put him out of the way.

RANDOLPH.—[*Kindling with passion.*]—Would you calumniate such a man, who is an honor to the State? Would you injure him in his reputation, which is all that he has? I will not permit it—I would rather cut your throat.

LOVEDALE.—[*Coolly.*]—Thank you! But who talks of calumny? We leave calumny to old fogies. It is worn out threadbare and unworthy of young America. Why—we will praise him up to the sky—will that satisfy you?

RANDOLPH.—[*Who has resumed his air of carelessness.*]—It depends how it is done.

LOVEDALE.—We will do it in the nicest way imaginable. With a few skilful agents in the city and a few others scattered through the country, we will manage it easily.

RANDOLPH.—Let us see how.

LOVEDALE.—Thus—whenever Crawford's name shall be mentioned, these agents will profess to be his warmest friends, and will say that he is perfection itself—but shrugging up their shoulders, and with a look of profound dejection, will exclaim: “What a pity he is so unpopular! There is no office of which he is not worthy. We have tried him everywhere—he won't do—the people won't have him.” Thus public opinion is formed—and there is no resisting its mighty current.

RANDOLPH.—But, my dear sir, the city is for him, I know.

WAGTAIL.—What of that? We will bring down hundreds

of men from the country, who will say that the country is not for him; and thus the city will give him up in despair.

RANDOLPH.—Well! but I have lately travelled throughout the State, and I know the country is for him.

TURNCOAT.—You forget that we shall have agents in the country who will circulate that the city is hostile to him—who will express feelingly the greatest mortification at it—who therefore will be believed, and who, by this skilful manoeuvre, will cause him to be abandoned by the country.

GOVERNOR.—Besides, my dear Randolph, it is very easy to persuade every country parish separately, that Crawford is unpopular in the rest of the State.

RANDOLPH.—How is that?

GOVERNOR.—Thus, for instance. We send half-a-dozen agents to the powerful Attakapas and Opeloussas parishes. "Who are you for?" they say to the people there.—"For Crawford," answer the people.—"So are we," reply the agents, "and we have been working very hard to persuade the other parishes, particularly the Red River parishes and New Orleans, to take him up. But it is no go. He is so unpopular!"—"What a pity!" exclaim the people, "he was our choice, but, of course, we must give him up to secure unanimity in the party."—"To be sure," continue the agents with tears in their eyes, "it is very sad, but it must be so. There is no help for it."—"But," say the people, "who shall we choose in his place?"—"Randolph."—"Randolph? Never heard of him before! Who is he?"—"Why—the most popular man in the whole State. He is not our choice; but we must admit in candor that everybody wants him, and, of course, we yield our preferences. We confess that he is the most available candidate." The Attakapas and Opeloussas people hang down their heads in disappointment, but say to the agents: "If his popularity is such elsewhere, then he is the man."—"Of course," reply the agents—and thus the thing is settled—all snug.

LOVEDALE.—The same scene is acted in every other district of the State. For instance, the same men proceed to the Red River parishes. "Who are you for?"—"Crawford."—"So are we; but they don't want him in the Opeloussas and Attakapas parishes, nor in the city."—"Is that a fact?"—"Melancholy fact. He is so unpopular!"—"Then we must give up our favorite not to divide the party. Is it not so?"—"Of course—he is so unpopular," answer the agents with a deep sigh of regret. It spreads, my dear sir—it spreads—and the man, whom everybody wanted, is put on the shelf for the rest of his life, much to the astonishment of the humbugged masses, as being unpopular and unavailable. They are puzzled, but they submit. Is it not funny? So the world goes.

RANDOLPH.—But you will be asked the reasons why he is unpopular!

GAMMON.—My good sir, a politician never gives reasons, particularly when addressing the people at large. Reasons may be refuted—it might lead him into a scrape. No, no—Crawford is unpopular—because unpopular. We don't understand it—of course. We don't comprehend it; it is inexplicable. He is a man of exalted merit—he is worthy of the highest office in the land—but he is unpopular. Perhaps it may be added: that he is proud—that he is not one of the people—that he is an aristocrat—and such trash. It takes,—depend upon it—it takes—and down he goes . . . to the bottom for ever!

GOVERNOR.—Well! Randolph, now that you understand the position, what do you say?

RANDOLPH.—[*After having mused a little.*]—Gentlemen, if I have understood you correctly, and if you have represented things as they are, it is plain that, although our government is apparently, constitutionally, and on paper, a democracy, in reality and in practice, it is an oligarchy. Is that admitted . . . frankly?

ALL.—[*Nodding assent.*]—Yes.

GAMMON.—We did not make it so.

GOVERNOR.—It is not our fault.

RANDOLPH.—No matter whose fault it is. But this I want to know positively. If elected Governor—as I shall be indebted for it to that oligarchy, and not to the people,—what will that oligarchy expect of me?

LOVEDALE.—Why—of course—mutual assistance. You will help them, and they will help you.

RANDOLPH.—But they may ask me some things which may be inconsistent with my oath of office and with what I may deem due to my implied obligations to the people.

LOVEDALE.—[*With impatience.*]—Damn the people! Who cares for the people? What humbug is this? We are talking here like friends—with open hearts—like practical men—like politicians. We are not here canvassing for votes—speechifying for effect—and acting tom-fooleries. [*With increased animation, to the other actors.*] I begin to think that our friend here is impracticable—and that he must be dropped.

RANDOLPH.—[*With great dignity.*]—Not having consented to be taken up, I cannot be dropped, sir. [*In a milder tone.*] Gentlemen, my resolution was taken from the beginning, and if I have listened to you so long, it is on account of the pleasure it afforded me. I repeat what I have always said: I want no office. My supreme desire is to doze away life in a sort of comfortable dream. Receive, however, my heartfelt acknowledgments, and before we part, let me give you a sentiment with a bumper. [*Rising, he rings the bell—servant appears. He points to the refreshments on the table.*] Hand them round. Bumpers, gentlemen. Here is my toast: To the next United States Senator from Louisiana. May he be a great man in Congress!

ALL.—[*Touching glasses.*]—Very patriotic. To the next United States Senator.

GOVERNOR.—Well! Randolph, I see that you are incorrigible. I am sorry for it. Good bye. We must leave you. [*They all bow and take leave, with the exception of Gammon. The Governor, when near the door, turns round, and says jestingly to Gammon:*] I leave you without fear with our friend. If you can get his blank vote, and be elected by it, you will deserve credit for having managed the most impracticable man alive.

GAMMON.—[*In the same tone.*]—Don't be too confident. I have done more wonderful things in my life.

GOVERNOR.—Well! we shall see. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

GAMMON, RANDOLPH.

GAMMON.—Thank God! they are gone. I was so anxious to consult you. Do you comprehend what passed in the caucus last night. I have been deserted by two of my friends—that's clear—and only saved from defeat by the lucky accident of Lovedale's arrest. I confess that I feel the utmost alarm, and I am at a loss what to do. Can you give me any information?

RANDOLPH.—[*Shaking his head.*]—No.

GAMMON.—What increases my anxieties is this anonymous letter, which has been handed me, and which designates Trimsail as the traitor. I am half inclined to believe it; for none but Trimsail could have the influence to carry along with him one vote from my ranks. Besides, I suspect he has a secret hankering for the vacant judgeship. Read the letter.

RANDOLPH.—[*After having read.*]—This deserves consideration.

GAMMON.—Do you believe it ?

RANDOLPH.—[*With frigid indifference.*]—It does not concern me. But I have read somewhere, that in politics even trifles ought not to be neglected.

GAMMON.—Pray—as a friend, tell me what you would advise me to do.

RANDOLPH.—You have in your breast your own adviser. What says that instinct of the head, or of the heart, which never deceives, if properly consulted ? Look inside for your monitor.

[GAMMON.—[*With vehemence.*]—Well then, that monitor tells me to act as if the accusation was true, and to guard at once against the fatal results of a treachery which is but too probable.

RANDOLPH.—[*Smiling.*]—This is prudent at least.

GAMMON.—So ! Let it be granted then that those two votes are irrecoverably lost, and that I must get others to make up for this sudden deficiency. But, in the mean time, [*taking a bundle out of his pocket,*] I intrust you with these sealed papers. If Trimsail gets the judgeship he covets, it is a proof that he has betrayed me. In that case, break open the seal, and consider the contents of these papers as officially laid before you and the Senate. [*Rubbing his hands in high glee.*] Then I'll have my revenge, as the fellow's nomination would not be confirmed.

RANDOLPH.—[*Pocketing the bundle.*]—If I understand you correctly, should Trimsail betray you and be rewarded for his treachery with the judgeship, I am to take official knowledge of the papers. Otherwise, I know nothing of their existence.

GAMMON.—That's it. But I leave you—having no time to lose, if I wish to counteract the Governor's manœuvres.

SCENE VI.

[Enter BECKENDORF, followed by JOHN.]

RANDOLPH.—Ah! here is our friend Mr. Beckendorf.

GAMMON.—[*To Beckendorf.*]—Just in time. I was going after you. What's the news?

BECKENDORF.—Four of the Governor's friends having been designated to me as in the way of trade, I have prepared my batteries accordingly.

BECKENDORF.—[*Eagerly.*]—Well! Well! What have you done?

BECKENDORF.—Nothing.

GAMMON.—Nothing! Why—Mr. Beckendorf

BECKENDORF.—Stop—stop—not so fast neither. It is always time enough to complain. [*With a great show of self-complacency.*] I did nothing, of course, mind you, because I might have been watched. I am not such a fool as to fall into such a trap. But I sent *my wife* to parley with the tender-footed. She won't be suspected, eh! That is what I call diplomacy. Not so bad, eh! not so bad.

RANDOLPH.—Excellent, faith! You must have been born a diplomatist, Mr. Beckendorf; at all events, you ought to be one as soon as possible!

BECKENDORF.—[*Pompously.*]—Sir, you flatter me . . . but more strange things have been seen. [*Meaningly to Gammon.*] Is it not true, Mr. Gammon? [*Randolph and Gammon look at each other and smile.*]

GAMMON.—[*Significantly.*]—There are few things which I consider as more probable, Mr. Beckendorf. But I am off . . . on very pressing business, as you well may suppose. Farewell, gentlemen. [*Exit.*]

BECKENDORF.—[*To Randolph.*]—I told Mrs. Beckendorf to

meet me here, and we shall soon know the result of her negotiations.

RANDOLPH.—Well! make yourself at home here, Mr. Beckendorf, and allow me the privilege of retiring a few minutes to write a pressing letter.

BECKENDORF.—Certainly—certainly, sir. I should be very sorry to be in the way. Business is business.

RANDOLPH.—John, you have been unusually silent. Brush up your wits—pray—entertain your patron in my absence. [*To Beckendorf.*] With your permission then . . . [*He bows and goes out.*]

SCENE VII.

BECKENDORF, JOHN.

BECKENDORF.—I am fretting with impatience. Gertrude is very slow coming. I told her, however, to bid very high. She must have good news to bring.

JOHN.—Certainly. She must have succeeded. She is a very clever woman—the old lady. That she is indeed! She has either bought them outright, or [*with a meaning sneer*] locked them up.

BECKENDORF.—John—you forget yourself!

JOHN.—I beg your pardon, sir. Forget myself! On the contrary, I am troubled with too much memory. My mother, Deborah Nutmeg, used to say that it had always been my weak side. I was born with that imperfection.

BECKENDORF.—[*Rubbing his hands with great glee.*]—Yes—she^e must have succeeded. Gammon will be elected. Then I am minister plenipo . . . and—John, look here—listen.

JOHN.—[*Coming up to him eagerly.*]—What is it?

BECKENDORF.—[*With much emphasis.*]—I'll do something for you.

JOHN.—Secretary of Legation?

BECKENDORF.—Oh! no—not that—but something.

JOHN.—[*Impatiently.*]—Well! Well! What is it?

BECKENDORF.—[*With still more emphasis.*]—You will put me in mind, John, to promise you to do something.

JOHN.—[*With an air of disappointment.*]—Pooh!

BECKENDORF.—But, John—whilst we are waiting for Mrs. Beckendorf, suppose we fancy you are a German prince, and I a minister plenipo.

JOHN.—No. *You* may be a minister plenipo, as much as you please—I am no square-headed German prince, but a long-headed Yankee boy.

BECKENDORF.—Pish! It is merely for a rehearsal, you blockhead! It don't destroy your nationality.

JOHN.—[*With a grin.*]—Oh! You mean the acting of such fanciful characters as I have seen on the stage. Well! Well! Let us see the fun.

BECKENDORF.—Then take that chair—and suppose it to be the throne. Sit on it like a prince—and when I approach to make my speech of introduction, rise majestically, and listen to me with profound attention.

JOHN.—[*Peevishly.*]—But I am not dressed for it. I can't play the king without the crown and the other gewgaws. Without them a king is nothing but a man like Tom, Dick or Harry.

BECKENDORF.—No matter—no matter. There is nobody looking at us. We don't aim at stage effect. I want only to try my hands at the trade—that's all. It is a mere rehearsal—I say. Actors don't dress for rehearsal—you know.

JOHN.—Well then! go on. [*He puts himself on the chair in a theatrical attitude—claps his hat on his head, saying:*] Here is my crown. [*And taking a candlestick from a table close by, he says:*] This candlestick is my sceptre. I am

for light and general education, although a benighted king.

[*Beckendorf goes to the further end of the room, and after having made three low reverences as he approaches the throne, stops at a certain distance, and prepares to speak. John rises deliberately—sticks his left arm akimbo on his side, and holds out with his right one, and with a ludicrous show of majesty, the candlestick which represents the sceptre.*]

BECKENDORF.—Sire, [*King John Tobias Nutmeg bows condescendingly.*] I, Dunder Blunder Beckendorf, a native of Dusseldorf in the Dutchy of Berg, but a naturalized citizen of the United States of America for the last thirty years, have the honor of being sent by the President of those United States to your Majesty as minister plenipotentiary, to represent near your august person the great republic of the New World. I am instructed by the President to assure your Majesty of his earnest desire to revive and strengthen the bonds of amity already existing between the two governments.

JOHN.—Mr. Minister Plenipo, I am happy to listen to the expression of such sentiments, particularly when coming from your lips. I rejoice at the felicitous choice made by the President of the United States. It shows his excellent judgment. You were born a German, and in consideration of that amiable circumstance, I rely on those feelings of sympathy which still must lurk in your breast in favor of old Germany. You will, no doubt, be a quiet, pacific, and jog-trot sort of a minister. Thank God! that the President did not bethink himself of sending some fiery native-born American, who, with his crazy backwood notions, would have disturbed my slumbers, and who would perhaps have run away with myself and my kingdom in some newly-patented vehicle of his invention. For instance, if he had sent such a sharp-witted Yankee fellow as one John Tobias Nutmeg, of whom I have heard, instead of a fat-brained, square-toe German burgher as yourself

BECKENDORF.—[*Rushing at him.*]—Why—you impudent scamp! Let me lay hold of you.

JOHN.—[*Jumping from the throne, and running away.*]—Guards, to my rescue! [*To Beckendorf.*] This is against the law of nations, Mr. Minister Plenipo. I'll complain to your government.

SCENE VIII.

[*Enter GERTRUDE.*]

GERTRUDE.—What foolish mimickings are these?

JOHN.—I call you to witness, old lady, the outrageous assault committed on a German prince.

GERTRUDE.—Silence, you fool! No more of this buffoonery.

BECKENDORF.—[*With a tone of apology in which a slight feeling of shame may be detected.*]—We were only amusing ourselves, whilst waiting for you, my dear.

GERTRUDE.—You were amusing yourself, Mr. Beckendorf!—like a boy!—at your age! . . . and in the present circumstances! When all our prospects are ruined—and when we are going to lose our dear son for ever!

BECKENDORF.—What is it? How is that? Have they proved honest? It is impossible!

[*Enter RANDOLPH.*]

RANDOLPH.—Good morning, Mrs. Beckendorf. I am very happy to see you.

GERTRUDE.—[*Dropping a low courtsey.*]—My respects to you, sir. [*Turning to Beckendorf.*] Honest! you say. Pish! they are politicians—and members of the Legislature . . . that is what they are. I saw the four you had designated to me—they seemed disposed to grasp eagerly at my propo-

sitions ; but they said that they were suspected and watched, and that it had been settled when they came to terms with the other party, that each one of them bound himself to consent to having by his side one of the Governor's confidential friends, who would take care to see them put the right vote in the ballot box. They appeared to be much mortified at this untoward circumstance, but declared it was too late to find out a remedy—and so—the Governor will be elected—Mr. Lovedale will marry Miss Henrietta—our poor son will commit suicide or go distracted—and we shall all die in despair. [*Begins to weep*]

BECKENDORF.—Wife! Wife! Things are not so bad as you think. Gammon is a great politician—the best electioneering tactician in the United States. He can't be defeated—he is a very devil in wiles and cunning. He will be, after all, more than a match for his opponents.

GERTRUDE.—But we must not rely on him altogether. We too must be acting on our side. Come along.

JOHN.—To be sure—we must be acting. We, Yankees, never tire, never rest—and never give up the ship. Come along, old boss. Let us put our wits together.

BECKENDORF.—[*Bustling up.*]—Yes—yes. Let us be moving heaven and earth. You will find my energies equal to the occasion. When I am pushed, there are in me resources of which no one has any idea. [*To Randolph.*] But before I show what I am capable of . . . I should be happy to be favored with your advice, Mr. Randolph. Pray—what shall I do?

GERTRUDE.—Ay!—What is he to do?

JOHN.—What shall we do?

RANDOLPH.—[*With a smile.*]—Go home . . . and wait.

BECKENDORF.—Wait!

GERTRUDE.—To wait is to do nothing!

JOHN.—And to do nothing will not help Mr. Gammon nor young boss much, I guess.

RANDOLPH.—Who knows?—A great French politician has said: that to know how to wait is a great art.

JOHN.—[*With a grin.*]—What our great folks in Congress call a masterly inactivity.

RANDOLPH.—Exactly so.

GERTRUDE.—[*Eagerly.*]—If you would only consent to help us, Mr. Randolph!

RANDOLPH.—You know, madam, that I take no part in this struggle. I am neutral—and as inactive as a post.

[*Enter TRIMSAIL.*]

TRIMSAIL.—[*To Randolph.*]—I have just now received the letter which you addressed to me, and you see that I have lost no time in coming.

BECKENDORF.—Well! We leave you, Mr. Randolph, and hope that every thing will turn out better than we expect.

RANDOLPH.—[*As if wishing to convey a peculiar meaning, and looking at Gertrude.*]—I am inclined to think so.

[*Exeunt BECKENDORF and GERTRUDE, whom RANDOLPH accompanies as far as the door.*]

JOHN.—[*Who had remained behind, walks up to Randolph, takes him to a corner of the stage as if he had some secret to communicate, and says mysteriously:*] You are deep!—deep! —You are a man after my own heart. Deep!—but honest. Don't start! I'll keep it to myself. But remember me when you are at the top of the ladder. [*With self-complacency.*] There is no deceiving a Yankee boy. He can see through a stone wall. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IX.

[RANDOLPH looks with a slight manifestation of surprise at JOHN as he goes out—and after musing a minute or two, he walks back slowly to TRIMSAIL, and says:]

RANDOLPH.—I beg your pardon for having given you the trouble of calling on me; but I desire a private and confidential conversation with you.

TRIMSAIL.—I am all at your service, you know. I hope that you have reconsidered your late determination, and are now ready to be our next candidate for Governor.

RANDOLPH.—I persist more than ever in my supreme indifference to politics. What I have to say concerns you.

TRIMSAIL.—Me!

RANDOLPH.—Yes—you. You must recollect that you initiated me into some of your secrets—against my will—for what purpose you best know—and that you compelled me to listen to a conversation between the Governor and yourself, in which it was understood, impliedly at least, that if you voted for him, you would have the vacant judgeship.

TRIMSAIL.—[With some show of anxiety.]—To be sure . . . I . . . I . . . remember . . .

RANDOLPH.—Then will you permit me to ask if you still will vote for the Governor at the coming caucus of to-day, and thus secure his election, now that Lovedale is no longer in old Crabtree's clutches.

TRIMSAIL.—Undoubtedly.

RANDOLPH.—Well! *you* have probably thought much on the subject—and *I* have not. But are you sure that it would not be safer to resume your old position in Gammon's ranks.

TRIMSAIL.—[*Eagerly.*]—Has something happened that throws the chance on his side?

RANDOLPH.—I do not know.

TRIMSAIL.—Why then do you advise me to go back to him?

RANDOLPH.—I give no advice . . . I merely suggest—and leave the rest to your own consideration.

TRIMSAIL.—[*Aside, with increased anxiety.*]—There must be something in the wind. [To Randolph—speaking slowly—and with a sort of hesitation:] If you only told me—that you will side with one or the other of the candidates . . . I might . . .

RANDOLPH.—[*Coldly.*]—I side with none.

TRIMSAIL.—[*Impatiently.*]—If so, why do you wish me to be swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a clock?

RANDOLPH.—Because a pendulum is frequently very useful . . . in more than one piece of machinery . . . and if . .

TRIMSAIL.—[*Angrily.*]—Mr. Randolph! I allow my friends great privileges and liberties . . . but . .

RANDOLPH.—[*Haughtily.*]—Sir, let us cut this matter short. I am not your friend—nor are you mine. But it suits me now, for purposes which I need not explain, to put you on your guard, and to point out to you your own interest.

TRIMSAIL.—Well! sir, what do you aim at?

RANDOLPH.—I believe, Mr. Trimsail, that in everything you do, you are guided by no other motive than your own private interest. Am I in error?

TRIMSAIL.—[*Sulkily.*]—Admitting it to be true—I do but follow the example of every other man.

RANDOLPH.—Perhaps. Then if you vote for the Governor, it is because you think it is your interest?

TRIMSAIL.—Yes.

RANDOLPH.—Because you think you thereby secure a judgeship?

TRIMSAIL.—Certainly.

RANDOLPH.—You are moved by no other consideration ?

TRIMSAIL.—No.

RANDOLPH.—[*Taking out of his pocket the bundle of papers Gammon gave him.*]—Mr. Gammon has put this sealed bundle in my hands, requesting me to read the papers it contains and lay them before the Senate, should the Governor be elected, and you nominated judge. He says that they will prevent you from being confirmed. If it be true, and you ought to know it,—in my opinion it settles the question at once, for, if you support the Governor, you can't become a judge, although you may be nominated, that's clear. On the other hand, should you go back to Gammon, I am bound to return these papers to their owner, without looking into them. Then should you come before the Senate, although I cannot vote for your confirmation, I know that you will pass the ordeal, as there will be nothing laid before that body against you. So now, sir, see which of the two sides is safer. It is for you to decide.

TRIMSAIL.—[*Much agitated.*]—But . . . but . . . if I resume my old position . . . there will again be a tie . . . and the Governor will suspect me.

RANDOLPH.—No—my impression is—that he will not suspect your political skill of being susceptible of this degree of excellence. There are things so peculiar that they can hardly be suspected.

TRIMSAIL.—[*Angrily.*]—Sir, I will call you to an account for this . . .

RANDOLPH.—[*Contemptuously.*]—Pooh!—You are in my power—and I am not in yours. [*Sternly.*] Beware—sir—beware in time—and listen to me calmly, if you please.

TRIMSAIL.—[*Curbing his passion.*]—Well—sir!—well—sir!—To the point.

RANDOLPH.—Be it so. [*With a hardly suppressed sneer in his tone.*] As I know that you have great confidence in my

judgment, allow me to say : that my impression is—that the Governor, thinking you are indissolubly bound to him by your expectancy of the judgeship, will suppose that he has been deserted by some one of his friends, just as you deserted Gammon—for a consideration. This is probably what he will presume to be the cause of the tie that will turn out to be the result of the evening caucus, if you resume your old position with Gammon, and thus offset Lovedale's vote, which was prevented from being cast yesterday by his arrest. You will thus be safe from his suspicions—and *he* will keep his word—and nominate you to the judgeship for your supposed services.

TRIMSAIL.—[*Musingly.*]—Only tell me, Mr. Randolph, that it concerns you that . . .

RANDOLPH.—[*Hastily.*]—It concerns not *me* but *you*. I have nothing to gain in all this, and no interest of mine to serve. Well!—I leave you to your reflections. [*Pulling out his watch.*] Within a quarter of an hour, I must know your decision ; for, within a quarter of an hour, I am determined to open this bundle, or to return it.

TRIMSAIL.—[*In great perplexity.*]—Pray—wait a while.

RANDOLPH.—Good bye, sir. [*And walks towards the door.*]

TRIMSAIL.—[*In a beseeching tone.*]—Stop, Mr. Randolph—one moment—I beg . . .

RANDOLPH.—[*Stopping on the threshold of the door.*]—What do you decide, Colonel? [*With a peculiar emphasis on the word Colonel.*]

TRIMSAIL.—I'll vote for Gammon.

RANDOLPH.—Good bye, Judge. [*Exit.*]

TRIMSAIL.—[*Alone.*]—Well! I can't help it. Again a tie—and no election! This is enough to perplex the devil!

[*Exit.*]

Act Fifth.

THE SCENE REPRESENTS A HALL AT THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE—
WHICH OPENS INTO A SUIT OF ROOMS, THROUGH WHICH IS
SEEN THE ILLUMINATED GARDEN, AND IS HEARD THE SOUND
OF MUSIC.

SCENE I.

[GOVERNOR, HENRIETTA, *in full ball dress.*]

GOVERNOR.—I hope, my dear, that nothing will be found fault with in the entertainment which I give this evening. You have, no doubt, superintended all its details. I trusted to you altogether, as I know the correctness of your taste. It is very near seven o'clock—the hour fixed in my letters of invitation, and at which, therefore, we may expect our guests. The longer the feast, the better for that sort of people who live in small towns. The dancing will be kept up until daylight, I presume.

HENRIETTA.—I have been unremitting in my exertions to superintend every thing. We are ready for our guests. The garden is illuminated—and all the servants at their posts.

GOVERNOR.—Many thanks to you, Henrietta. [*Tenderly, and looking at her attentively.*] But I am afraid that you have over exerted yourself. You look pale—indeed you look

pale—and drooping—as I am sorry to see. Brighten up—brighten up—my dear. Your dress fits you admirably—you look decidedly pretty—don't be confused. Well! well! I hope the pleasure of dancing will revive you, and will recall on your cheeks that roseate hue which has somewhat faded away.

HENRIETTA.—[*In a melancholy tone.*]—You know, father, that I wished, if possible, to avoid taking a part, which must be painful to me, in this entertainment. I am not well. You have insisted on my presence; here I am. You have hastened my wedding day, and fixed it for to-morrow—I have shown, I believe, no signs of disobedience.

GOVERNOR.—I am grateful—deeply so, for your ready compliance with my wishes. You are the most dutiful of daughters and worthy of your sainted mother. Believe me—whatever pangs it may cost you, and they will be momentary only, that marriage could no longer be postponed after the recent scandal which has happened here—the finding of that young man concealed in this house, and his quarrel and intended duel with Lovedale—to which must be added the report of your being in love with him—and—look you, daughter—as every body is invited to night, I could not but extend the same courtesies to the Beckendorfs. It was even necessary that they should come, after what has occurred, as their absence might have given rise to comments of a disagreeable nature. But . . . but . . . Henrietta . . .

HENRIETTA.—Speak your mind, father, without hesitation.

GOVERNOR.—I want you to be courteous—but extremely reserved towards the Beckendorfs—particularly with the young man. When he will approach you, you may both be observed . . . and . . .

HENRIETTA.—Be at ease, father. I hope that the most critical eye will not find fault with my demeanor.

GOVERNOR.—Yes—yes. I am sure of that, my noble-hearted daughter. [*Kissing her on the forehead.*] You have

my whole confidence. Well! cheer up—and please to step round in order to see if every thing is as it should be.

[*Exit HENRIETTA.*]

SCENE II.

GOVERNOR.—[*Alone.*]—When I projected this entertainment, I had some grounds to suppose that it would have been the celebration of my senatorial election. But what happened yesterday has baffled all my calculations. What! a tie for the third time! When Trimsail and one of his adherents came over to me, some desertion in my ranks must have re-established the equilibrium. It must have been what a French dancing master calls *chassé croisé*. It is impossible to foresee what will come out of all this. That fellow, Gammon, must be the devil himself. Faith! I am fairly bewildered, and not knowing on whom to rely. But I am goaded into emulation, and I'll try a last manoeuvre—that may stagger old Gammon and throw him off the track. The caucus meets in an hour. I have time to lay a trap in the old tactician's path. Oh! here is precisely the man I want.

SCENE III.

[*Enter RANDOLPH.*]

RANDOLPH.—I am glad to be the first on the battle-field, Governor. If I incur your censure for my apathy when public business and politics are the attractions offered to me, I hope that I deserve your commendation for the alacrity with which I obey the call of pleasure.

GOVERNOR.—Thanks for your early attendance—the more so that I have to talk to you about the subject of your hatred—politics!

RANDOLPH.—[*Hastily retreating towards the door.*]—Good bye, Governor. Allow me to go and present my homage to Miss Henrietta.

GOVERNOR.—Stop, Randolph—stop, my friend. It is a personal favor—it is a service I have to ask of you.

RANDOLPH.—[*Coming back.*]—Oh! that alters the case. What is it?

GOVERNOR.—You know what is going on. The involutions of treachery have been so intricate, that Talleyrand himself, were he alive, could not unravel them. I was betrayed last night. That cannot be disputed. God knows what other inroads Gammon may have made in my ranks since that time, or how far he may have tampered with Tagrag's select few—so as to draw over some of them to his side. Should this happen—I am gone.

RANDOLPH.—Well! but what have I to do with all that?

GOVERNOR.—Pray—listen. A thought has struck me. On the meeting of the caucus—as a feeler—and in order, by a sudden bombshell, to throw disorder into the ranks of the enemy, I'll start up another candidate and let him loose upon them.

RANDOLPH.—[*With feigned astonishment.*]—Another candidate!

GOVERNOR.—Yes;—and I am indebted to you for the device.

RANDOLPH.—To me! I never spoke to you on the subject.

GOVERNOR.—No. But, this morning, when I was in my office, signing by the dozen the bills which the Legislature keep pouring upon me, I confess that, although apparently engaged in examining them, I was in reality listening only to the conversation which was going on, at some distance from my desk, between yourself and Trimsail; and I was struck

with a careless observation which fell from your lips, and in which there is more depth and wisdom than you attach to it.

RANDOLPH.—Indeed! What is it? what is it?

GOVERNOR.—You said to Trimsail with your usual tone, half in earnest and half in jest: Well! were I a politician, and either in Gammon's or the Governor's place, instead of playing at hide-and-seek with treachery, I would suddenly burst upon my adversaries with a new candidate, on whom I would throw a considerable portion of my forces; and, in the midst of the general dismay and confusion produced by such an event, I would make a rally, blow my puppet out of the way, and carry the day with the help of some of the stragglers, loiterers, or deserters I might pick from the opposite ranks.

RANDOLPH.—Did I say any such thing?

GOVERNOR.—Yes,—and the seed has grown in my mind. I have arranged a new plan of operations, and it is in connection with it that I wish to ask you a favor—which you cannot refuse—for you will not be required to be *active*. You will have only to be *passive*, and fold your arms.

RANDOLPH.—Faith! if that is all . . . it suits me exactly. It is impossible to be serviceable on cheaper terms and with less sacrifice of personal comfort.

GOVERNOR.—I have ordered that only five of my friends shall continue to vote for me on the first ballot, and that thirty shall vote for a new man—so that we shall stand: 15 for Tagrag as usual—35 for Gammon—5 for me—and thirty for the new candidate.—[*Chuckling*.]—Will not Gammon jump out of his breeches from sheer astonishment? He will surmise some deep stratagem. It may frighten him and some of his friends—and as some of them are not far from becoming mine, it will be giving them an opportunity to do so, by inducing them to lay aside their hesitations and to run into my camp, in order to prevent the election of the new-comer.

RANDOLPH.—[*Musingly.*]—Well! this is no unskilful move, I confess—but—there may be danger in it.

GOVERNOR.—To be sure. But the danger or the security is in the choice of the new candidate. He must be a safe man—and there must be no chance of his election.

RANDOLPH.—That is the difficulty. He must be neither so weak as at once to satisfy your adversaries that he is used merely as a decoy or bugbear—nor so strong or ambitious as to profit by the momentary diversion made in his favor, and glide in—leaving you on the wrong side of the door. The game is dangerous.

GOVERNOR.—No—because I have found out the right kind of man.

RANDOLPH.—I compliment you on it. But so far I do not see how I can be of any service to you.

GOVERNOR.—By your advice—and by answering only one question. [*Coming up close to Randolph, and pressing his arm, he says with much earnestness.*] Do you advise me to consult the friend whose name I intend to use, or to act without his knowledge?

RANDOLPH.—[*With indifference.*]—It might perhaps not be prudent to consult him. For he might have some reasons to refuse his assent; and then, of course, you could not proceed without giving him just cause of offence.

GOVERNOR.—And should he not be consulted?

RANDOLPH.—He probably would not take it amiss, as you would, no doubt, give cogent reasons for your silence—such as your desire not to commit or embarrass him—your having acted from sudden inspiration—on the spur of the moment—and the want of time to obtain his consent, &c. . . .

GOVERNOR.—That's it—that's it. You are always right—but here are the Beckendorfs.

[*Enter BECKENDORF, GERTRUDE, MORTIMER.*]

GOVERNOR.—[*Bowing ceremoniously.*]—I feel highly complimented by your presence. Mrs. Beckendorf, please to

favor me with your arm. I wish to procure for you one of the best seats in the ball-room. Gentlemen, please to follow me—I will introduce you into the refreshment-room.

[*Exeunt* GOVERNOR and GERTRUDE.]

SCENE IV.

RANDOLPH, BECKENDORF, MORTIMER.

BECKENDORF.—I feel a choking sensation in my throat. [*To Mortimer.*] Neither your mother nor myself would have been in this puppy's house if it had not been to please you. We have yielded to your importunities. But how will you be helped or benefited in any way by seeing Miss Henrietta for the last time? You know she is to be married to-morrow.

MORTIMER.—[*Passionately.*]—And that knowledge emboldens me to make a last desperate effort.

BECKENDORF.—What will you do? Carry her off?

MORTIMER.—No. That she will not consent to. [*Coming up close to Randolph, he says to him with much pathos;*] But she has said to me: "One man alone can save us, if he chooses. Go to him—pray him in your name—in mine. He has the power, I am sure, to serve us—and he can feel for us—for he is unhappy himself—and he has a noble and sympathizing heart—and that man is Mr. Randolph."

RANDOLPH.—[*With suppressed agitation.*]—Did she—in deed—hold such language . . . and thus speak of me! . . . It is . . . it is—the dream of a love-sick and romantic girl, my young friend.

BECKENDORF.—[*With deep feeling.*]—Oh! Mr. Randolph, save my poor boy, if you have the power—and there is not a Beckendorf in the world that will not tear his heart out of his breast, if necessary, to show you his gratitude.

RANDOLPH.—[*Who has resumed his self-possession, says with a gay and sarcastic tone of levity:*]—Oh! oh! gratitude! . . . a fair word! . . . a beautiful one! and much in use too! The gratitude of man! a reliable commodity! . . . to be sure. [To Mortimer.] It is a very delicate thing to interfere in family affairs. But—[*feelingly*]—do I really understand you to say that Miss Henrietta has authorized this appeal to me in her name, and informs me that the happiness of her life is at stake!

MORTIMER.—[*Eagerly.*]—She has . . . she has . . . I assure you.

BECKENDORF.—Only promise, Mr. Randolph, to endeavor to break off that hateful marriage which threatens to upset the wits of the boy . . . and then give a trial to old-fashioned German gratitude.

RANDOLPH.—[*Tapping Beckendorf on the shoulder, says playfully:*]—How many barrels of your best beer is your gratitude worth, my good friend?

MORTIMER.—[*Impetuously, and plucking a rose from his button-hole.*]—Take this flower. It has been sent to me as the last token of her remembrance, before her marrying another. I thought I never would have parted with it, except with life. Take it—and if you only say: “I will break off Henrietta’s marriage with Lovedale”—when you send this token to me, to father, or mother, your word shall be our law.

RANDOLPH.—[*Accepting the flower.*]—Nothing but your youth can excuse your taking so imprudent an engagement.

BECKENDORF.—I am an old man—and yet I sanction what he says.

GERTRUDE.—[*Who had just come back from the ball-room, and listened to her son’s sentiment.*]—And I, an honest-hearted woman, will stand security for both.

RANDOLPH.—[*Looking at the rose, whilst twisting the stem between his index and the thumb, says, with a sarcastic smile:*]

—It has the glow of love—the fair and vivid hues of friendship—[*smelling it*] and it has a perfume as sweet as gratitude—but it soon fades—and so does love—and friendship—and gratitude. Well! I'll wear it as an emblem—if not as a security—or a pledge. But I never promise any thing. It is not my habit. If I do any thing, you shall know it.

MORTIMER.—Permit me only to say to Miss Henrietta that we may hope.

RANDOLPH.—[*Pointing to the rose he has stuck in his button-hole.*]—Tell her that I wear her colors—and that to so much beauty, mind and soul as she possesses, I cannot but say, hope.

MORTIMER.—[*Rapturously.*]—May heaven bless you for that word, and lighten your heart. [*Grasping Randolph's hand, he says meaningly:*] For I know that the most generous and the noblest, is not often the happiest. [*To his mother.*] Come along, mother—take my arm—let us to the ball-room. Tell Miss Henrietta what you have heard; for I dare not approach her. [*Exeunt.*]

RANDOLPH.—[*Gaily to Beckendorf.*]—Now, Mr. Beckendorf, after having talked sentiment, we shall talk politics—for here is Gammon coming.



SCENE V.

[*Enter GAMMON.*]

GAMMON.—How glad I am to meet you together. You are the very men I came for.

RANDOLPH.—See how bells will chime in merrily. You are the very man I expected. I want to engage in a cotillion—and was waiting to have you facing me in the dance.

GAMMON.—Tush!—a cotillion!—at my age!—and when my mind is on the rack! I am not sure how things will turn

out in this fourth caucus to night. I am nearly at my wit's end. But I am going, however, to make an experiment.

BECKENDORF.—Ah! Ah! What is it? I always learn from you something valuable in diplomacy.

GAMMON.—I think I have hit upon a good device. I will show the Governor what old Gammon is.

RANDOLPH.—This exultation promises.

GAMMON.—Gentlemen, please to answer one question. Do you know of any one but the Governor and myself who has the slightest chance of being elected to the Senate of the United States?

BECKENDORF.—Certainly not.

RANDOLPH.—The chance is even between you and the Governor, as the ballot box has shown at three different caucuses. I think the result very doubtful.

GAMMON.—Well! When such is the case, there is nothing like betting.

BECKENDORF.—Betting!

RANDOLPH.—Betting!

GAMMON.—Yes—betting!—in order to secure success. In every election in which I am concerned, I never expose myself to be a loser. If I lose office, I must win money—and if I lose money, I must get office.

BECKENDORF.—There is good sense in that. It is business-like.

GAMMON.—[*Tapping Beckendorf on the shoulder.*]—And it is diplomatic too, Mr. Minister Plenipotentiary. Thus a confidential friend of mine has made a bet of fifteen thousand dollars with Tagrag, who has so far foolishly persisted in his candidateship, although he never could muster more than fifteen votes. My bet, through my friend, is that the Governor will be elected. Tagrag's bet is against the Governor; and as this is a very imprudent bet on the part of Tagrag, who is in very embarrassed circumstances, and as he has very devoted friends, considering that they have stuck so long and

so obstinately to him—some of them, when they hear of this dangerous bet, being fearful of its occasioning his ruin should the Governor be elected—may come over to me.

BECKENDORF.—But in that case you loose fifteen thousand dollars.

GAMMON.—[*Rubbing his hands.*]—To be sure. In that case Tagrag wins the bet—but then I am elected Senator for six years. It is something. I lose money, but I get office, as I have said. Well! the time for the meeting of the caucus has nearly come—let us to the State House. We have only to cross the street—and after having manufactured a Senator for the good of the country—we shall return here to frolic for our own satisfaction. Come on, Mr. Beckendorf—come on, Mr. Randolph.

RANDOLPH.—The caucus must spare me for to-night. I am not the man to leave a ball-room, pretty women, and excellent music, to attend any political meeting in the world. Good bye. It seems that your success is certain. I'll have a bumper ready for you, Mr. Gammon, on your return.

GAMMON.—[*With a complacent smile and an approving wave of the hand.*]—Be it so.

[*Exit with BECKENDORF.*]

SCENE VI.

RANDOLPH.—[*Alone.*]—A pretty Senator, indeed, to preside over the destinies of a nation! God! what are we coming to! And these are the tricks of politicians—of our would-be statesmen! This is what is called a shrewd, keen, practical man, not over-burdened with the vain theories of common honesty! And this is the school for politics in which every youth must take his degree to qualify himself for office in the land, be that office high or low. By my good

soul, other arts will be mine! Let men lay their snares—let them spread their nets against one another—let them fall into the traps they have set against their adversaries. I will profit by their weaknesses—their lies—their vices—and their treachery—but I will keep free from contamination. I will not corrupt any one—but I will use the corrupt for noble and patriotic purposes. Trusting none—courting none—deceiving none—but merely allowing them to deceive themselves—preserving myself exempt from reproach—wrapped up in the consciousness of my own might and right—I will step to eminence—to the highest if possible. I have found friendship to be but a broken reed that has pierced the hand which rested on it—love, to be worse than a deceitful shadow—and egotism and treachery to be the lords paramount of this world. There is no such thing as happiness. It is a fantasy—a dream of the heart. But there are such things as intellect, wealth, and knowledge of the world, and political power. They are elements of enjoyment—if not of happiness. Well! three of these I have; now for the fourth! and I will have it—without forfeiting, in my own estimation, the character of a high-bred gentleman. A difficult task, to be sure! But it shall be accomplished;—and now to work. [*Pulling out his watch.*] Immediate action is required. I must go to old Mrs. Beckendorf. . . . ah—as luck will have it,—here she comes.

SCENE VII.

[*Enter GERTRUDE.*]

RANDOLPH.—Well, Mrs. Beckendorf, how do you like this entertainment?

GERTRUDE.—I have paid no attention to it—I hardly know what is going on around me. I think of nothing else than

that fatal marriage. Can it be broken off? Have you thought of it?

RANDOLPH.—Yes.

GERTRUDE.—[*Eagerly.*]—Have you done anything?

RANDOLPH.—I!—nothing. You know I always remain passive. But it rests with you to break off that marriage.

GERTRUDE.—Me.

RANDOLPH.—You.

GERTRUDE.—[*With the greatest eagerness.*]—Speak then—how?

RANDOLPH.—Tagrag, the senatorial candidate in opposition to Gammon and the Governor, is in the ball-room, I suppose. Is he there?

GERTRUDE.—He is.

RANDOLPH.—Seek him instantly, and whisper these words in his ears: “I know you have betted with Gammon that the Governor will not be elected. I, Gertrude Beckendorf, tell you that your bet is not safe. If you wish to win, let your fifteen votes be cast on the first ballot in favor of Mr. Randolph, rather than for Mr. Gammon.” You will see him start with amazement and almost with terror.

GERTRUDE.—What next?

RANDOLPH.—Nothing further. After having uttered these words, pass on, and keep the secret to yourself.

GERTRUDE.—Ha! are you also a candidate for the Senate?

RANDOLPH.—[*Coldly.*]—I thought, Mrs. Beckendorf, that the subject of our conversation was your son’s aspirations, not mine. I want nothing—I ask nothing. It is your own concern—not mine—and remember that, if I meddle with this affair, it is at your own pressing request, and on account of my friendship for Mortimer and my admiration for Miss Henrietta. But enough of this. Here comes the Governor.

GERTRUDE.—I beg your pardon, Mr. Randolph. Don’t be offended. I did not intend to be over inquisitive. What you say is true. I ought to care for nothing but the happi-

ness of my son. He must be saved, the poor boy! There is nothing that I will not do to accomplish that object. [*Exit with precipitation whilst the Governor enters from another direction.*]

GOVERNOR.—It lacks only twenty minutes of the time fixed for the meeting of the caucus. My blood tingles with impatience. I confess that I am all excitement.

RANDOLPH.—I am afraid that it is my painful duty to communicate to you an unpalatable piece of news,

GOVERNOR.—[*In great alarm.*—]What is it? what is it?

RANDOLPH.—You cannot be elected. On the first ballot, you will be defeated by Gammon.

GOVERNOR.—Good God! let it be anybody but him, if I am to be defeated. I would cut off my right arm to disappoint him.

RANDOLPH.—[*With a smile.*—]It may be done with less cost to you.

GOVERNOR.—But how do you know that Gammon is to be elected?

RANDOLPH.—He will, if not checked instantly.

GOVERNOR.—By whom, and how?

RANDOLPH.—That is my secret.

GOVERNOR.—If he is checked, will it operate in my favor? Shall I be elected?

RANDOLPH.—No.

SCENE VIII.

HENRIETTA.—[*Entering precipitately; but seeing Randolph and her father engaged in an apparently confidential conversation, she says.*—]I had come to thank Mr. Randolph for a very kind message he has sent me, father . . . but you seem engaged . . . I retire.

RANDOLPH.—No, no, you are no intruder ; your presence is welcome, I assure you, and even opportune ; for, I have good news for your father—and therefore what I have to communicate to him will prove interesting to you. [*Drawing a letter from his pocket, and handing it to the Governor, he says :*] I have just received this confidential note from my uncle, the Secretary of State, who represents the Old Dominion in the President's cabinet, as you know. Read it.

GOVERNOR.—[*Reading.*]—“ My dear John, it is the intention of the President to give the French embassy to Louisiana. Knowing your discretion, having full faith in your sagacity and judgment, I beg you to designate to me, confidentially, the best qualified person in your State, for that important mission,” &c. . . .

RANDOLPH.—On the reception of this letter, I immediately thought of you. What do you say ? Will it not be a salve for the mortification of your defeat ?

GOVERNOR.—[*Grasping Randolph's hands and shaking them cordially.*]—Indeed, Randolph, I do not deserve to have such a friend as you are ! What a pity you are not more ambitious ? I shall never have the opportunity of doing anything for you.

HENRIETTA.—Did I not tell you, father, that he was the most generous of men ! [*Randolph bows low to Henrietta.*]

GOVERNOR.—Now cap the climax of my gratitude by defeating Gammon, and elect the devil instead of him, if you please.

RANDOLPH.—[*Smiling.*]—You know, Governor, that I hate both the devil and politics, and therefore I will not meddle with either. But your own daughter has it in her power to gratify your wishes.

GOVERNOR.—[*With amazement.*]—My daughter !

RANDOLPH.—Time presses—we have only ten minutes before us—we have no leisure for explanations. Do you give me full powers to act ?

GOVERNOR.—I do.

RANDOLPH.—Very well. [*To Miss Henrietta :*] Please to sit at that table and take pen and paper;—so—all right—now, write—[*dictating :*]—to the Hon. Dunder Blunder Beckendorf—House of Representatives

GOVERNOR.—To Mr. Beckendorf!

RANDOLPH.—Please to keep quiet, Governor, and to stand by your agreement. [*Dictating again :*] “Dear sir, it gives me pleasure to inform you that my marriage with Mr. Lovedale is broken off” [*Henrietta drops the pen and looks at Randolph and her father with intense surprise.*]

GOVERNOR.—What jest is this, Randolph? You know her marriage is fixed for to-morrow.

RANDOLPH.—[*Jestingly.*]—Pish! I have known pledged vows to be retracted at the foot of the altar. [*Sternly.*] But, sir, I understand that it was not in jest you gave me full powers.

GOVERNOR.—[*Stammering with confusion.*]—Certainly not . . . but . . . what reason . . . shall I give to Lovedale for not keeping . . . my word?

RANDOLPH.—[*Turning to Henrietta.*]—Do you love Lovedale, Miss Henrietta?

HENRIETTA.—[*With energy.*]—I hate him.

RANDOLPH.—[*Turning to the Governor.*]—What better reason do you want . . . than this late discovery? Let me go on then—[*to Henrietta*]:—have you put down “my engagement with Lovedale is broken off”?

HENRIETTA.—I have.

RANDOLPH.—Please to continue—[*dictating :*]—“and my father consents to my marriage with your son.”—[*Henrietta starts up with all the signs of great excitement, and looks at her father with an expression of the deepest anxiety.*]

GOVERNOR.—Oh! oh! that is going too far, Randolph.

RANDOLPH.—[*To Henrietta.*]—Will you permit me, Miss

Henrietta, to ask you if you love young Mortimer Beckendorf?

HENRIETTA.—[*Timidly.*]—My father knows it.

RANDOLPH.—[*Smiling.*]—Another excellent reason, Governor, for giving your assent. [*With emphasis, and dwelling on every word.*] And—Governor—remember that I am the man to keep faith with those who keep theirs with me.

GOVERNOR.—[*Shrugging up his shoulders.*]—Well! Well! You do what you please with me. Upon my word—it is a sort of magnetic influence.

RANDOLPH.—[*To Miss Henrietta.*]—With your father's consent, please then to resume your seat and to write, "My father approves my marriage with your son. Now it is your turn to redeem your word. It is my wish that, with all those of whom you are the leader, you vote on the first ballot for him who owns the rose which I send you in token of your sworn obedience." Have you done? [*Henrietta nods assent.*] Now sign your name, and seal the note.

GOVERNOR.—What mystery is this?

RANDOLPH.—No time for explanations, Governor. [*He rings the bell. A servant appears. Taking the letter from Miss Henrietta, and removing the rose from his button-hole, he says to the servant:*] Fast across the street to the State House, and hand this note and flower to Mr. Beckendorf himself. Say that both are sent by Miss Henrietta.

SCENE IX.

[*Enter GERTRUDE.*]

GERTRUDE.—Mr. Randolph, I have followed your advice to the very letter.

RANDOLPH.—Then, Mrs. Beckendorf, allow me, for your

reward, to compliment you on the marriage of your son with Miss Henrietta.

GERTRUDE.—[*Bewildered with astonishment.*]—What do I hear? Is it possible? It seems to be a dream. My poor boy saved! [*Looking at the Governor.*] Can it be true?

GOVERNOR.—[*Kindly.*]—You see, my dear Mrs. Beckendorf, that politicians have a heart. I hope that, for the future, you will not think so harshly of them.

GERTRUDE.—[*Joyfully.*]—I'll make an exception in your favor, GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR.—And, I hope, also in favor of my friend, Mr. Randolph.

GERTRUDE.—[*With vivacity.*]—He is no politician!

GOVERNOR.—I begin to have doubts about it.

GERTRUDE.—Or if he is one, he is of a different stamp from the rest of them.

[*Enter BLACK SERVANT.*]

RANDOLPH.—Have you delivered Miss Henrietta's message? [*Servant nods assent.*] Very good. [*A great noise is heard at a distance.*]

GOVERNOR.—I hear shouts. The caucus balloting must be over.

SCENE X.

[*The noise increases in the street; shouts—Hurrah for John Washington Randolph!—Hurrah for Randolph! are heard on all sides. All the characters of the play, with ladies and gentlemen representing the guests, senators, representatives, etc. etc.—rush on the stage.*]

JOHN.—[*Breathless.*]—Hurrah for Randolph! Every body voted for him. I am the first to proclaim it!

GAMMON.—[*Hurrying in as if transported with joy.*]—Let

me embrace you, my friend, my dear Randolph! I am so proud of having elected you—yes—elected you! As I reached the State House, having been informed of something that made my election doubtful, I determined to throw all my forces on you, my best friend—and try your chance—and I have succeeded to my heart's content. All my friends, as you see, voted for you to one man. [*Whilst Gammon speaks, Henrietta, the Governor, and Randolph, exchange significant glances.*]

GOVERNOR.—But you forget, Mr. Gammon, that my friends voted also for him.

GAMMON.—To be sure—to be sure. You deserve credit for it—but you only followed my example.

[*Enter a servant who delivers a letter to RANDOLPH.*]

RANDOLPH.—Ah! ah! a letter from Tagrag! What does he say? [*Reads.*] “My dear friend, allow me to compliment you with all my heart on your glorious election. You fully deserve it, and I rejoice that all my friends have contributed to it. The best of the joke is, that I win fifteen thousand dollars of old Gammon, who had betted that the Governor would be elected. But he can afford to lose that sum, after having won bets all his life.” Thank God! I seem to be everybody's friend. It is very comfortable.

GOVERNOR.—[*With affected sympathy.*—]My dear Gammon, did you bet in my favor! and against yourself too! That was noble indeed! I am so grieved at your being the victim of your magnanimity!

GAMMON.—[*With a great show of earnestness.*—]All my life, Governor, I have suffered from the exaggeration of that quality. But I am too old to reform.

RANDOLPH.—Well! Mr. Gammon, virtue is its own reward, you know.

GAMMON.—[*Sanctimoniously, and putting his hand on his heart.*—]I feel here the truth of that sentiment.

GOVERNOR.—Let us all ratify what has been done in the

caucus. Three cheers for our new Senator! hip! hip! hip! hurrah! [*They all shout. Randolph bows round.*]

MORTIMER.—I come up to you merely to shake hands, Mr. Randolph, [*lowering his voice,*] for I have no words to express my gratitude for what you have done.

RANDOLPH.—Be happy—and I am rewarded.

BECKENDORF.—[*Shaking hands with him.*]—Do you now believe in old-fashioned square-toe German gratitude?

RANDOLPH.—[*Smiling.*]—I always believe in what is proved.

JOHN.—[*Coming up with some hesitation.*]—Will you allow a poor Yankee boy to shake your hand?

RANDOLPH.—[*Warmly.*]—With all my heart.

JOHN.—[*In a whisper.*]—Didn't I say you were deep—deep!—What will you do for me now?

RANDOLPH.—[*Imitating his whisper.*]—As you are a reader of men's characters, I'll try to make you postmaster in due time and as a beginning—provided you don't attempt, in your study of characters, to break open letters, as some postmasters are said to do.

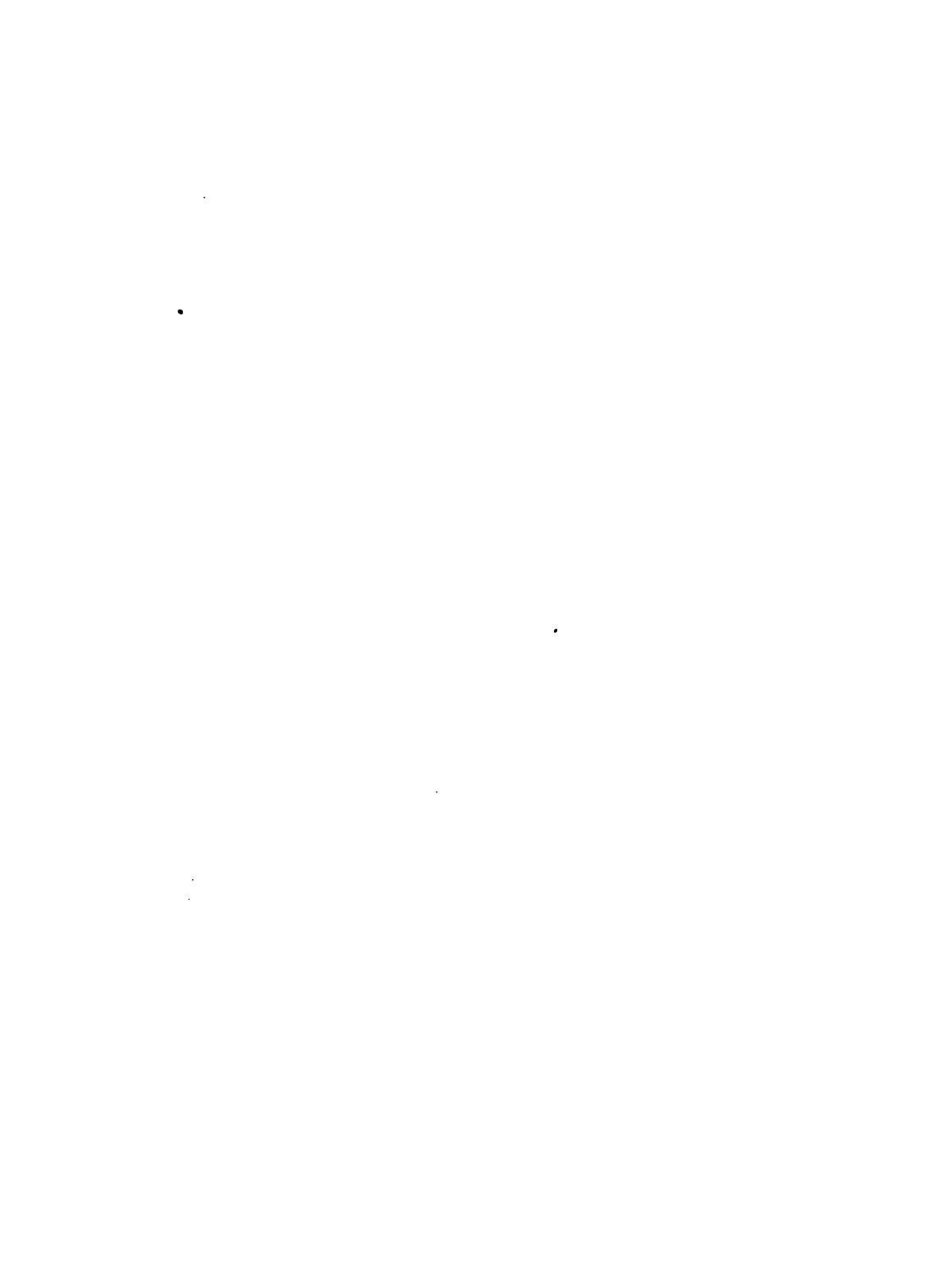
LOVEDALE.—Allow me also to compliment you, Mr. Randolph. Your election is a most extraordinary accident, which must have taken you by surprise. You have got what you did not care for—what you did not work for!—It is strange—a windfall to a man asleep!

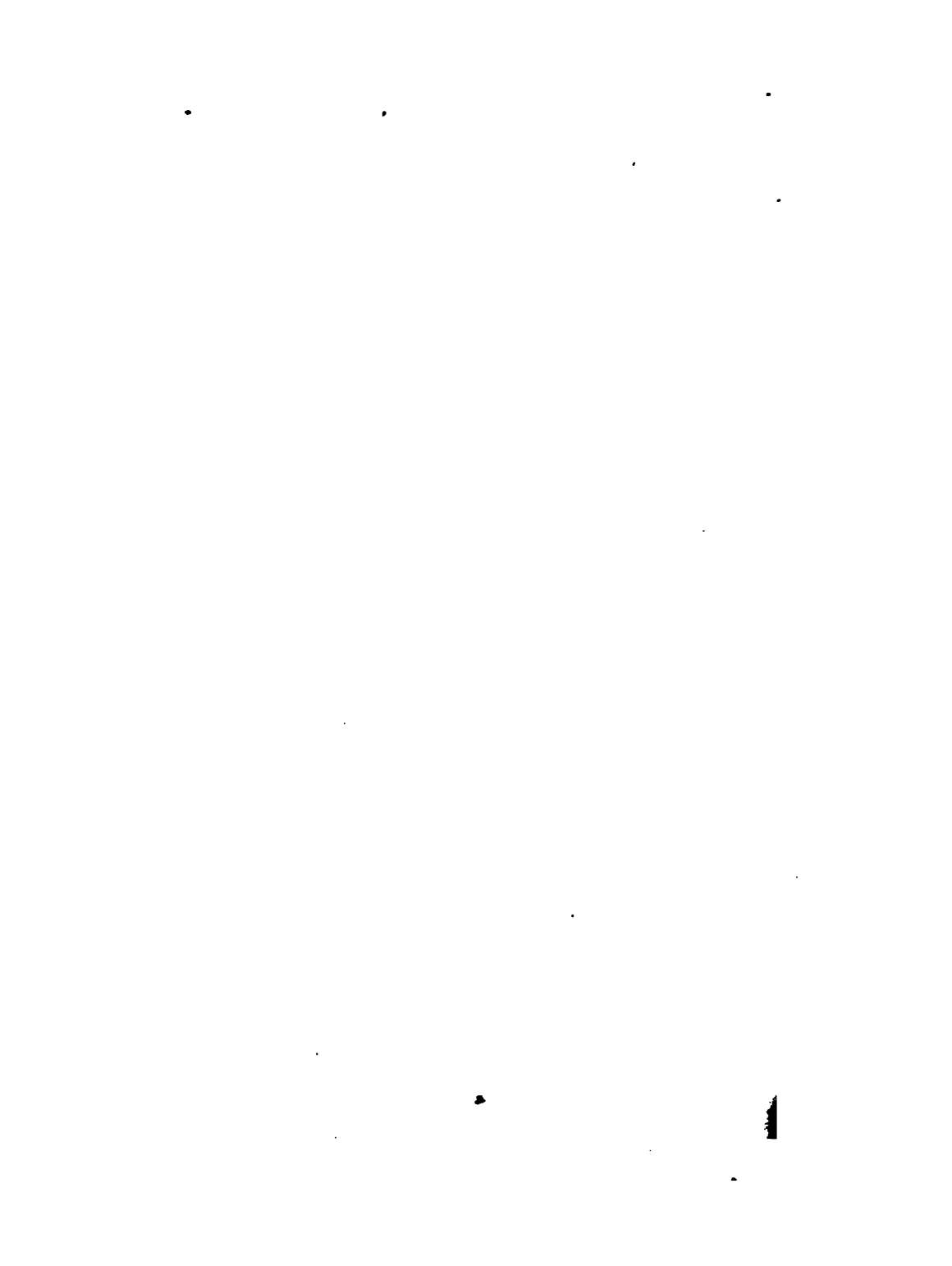
RANDOLPH.—Well! Mr. Lovedale—I listened with great pleasure and profit to the political lecture you gave me the other day. But this must satisfy you that success is possible also for those who have not studied in your school for politics.

[*Shouts outside and inside: Hurrah for John Washington Randolph! Hurrah for the man of the people! Hurrah for the man unanimously elected Senator of the United States without intrigue on his part, and even without his knowledge and consent. Curtain drops.*]









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